

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VOL. XLV

NOVEMBER 1910

NO. 11



1866

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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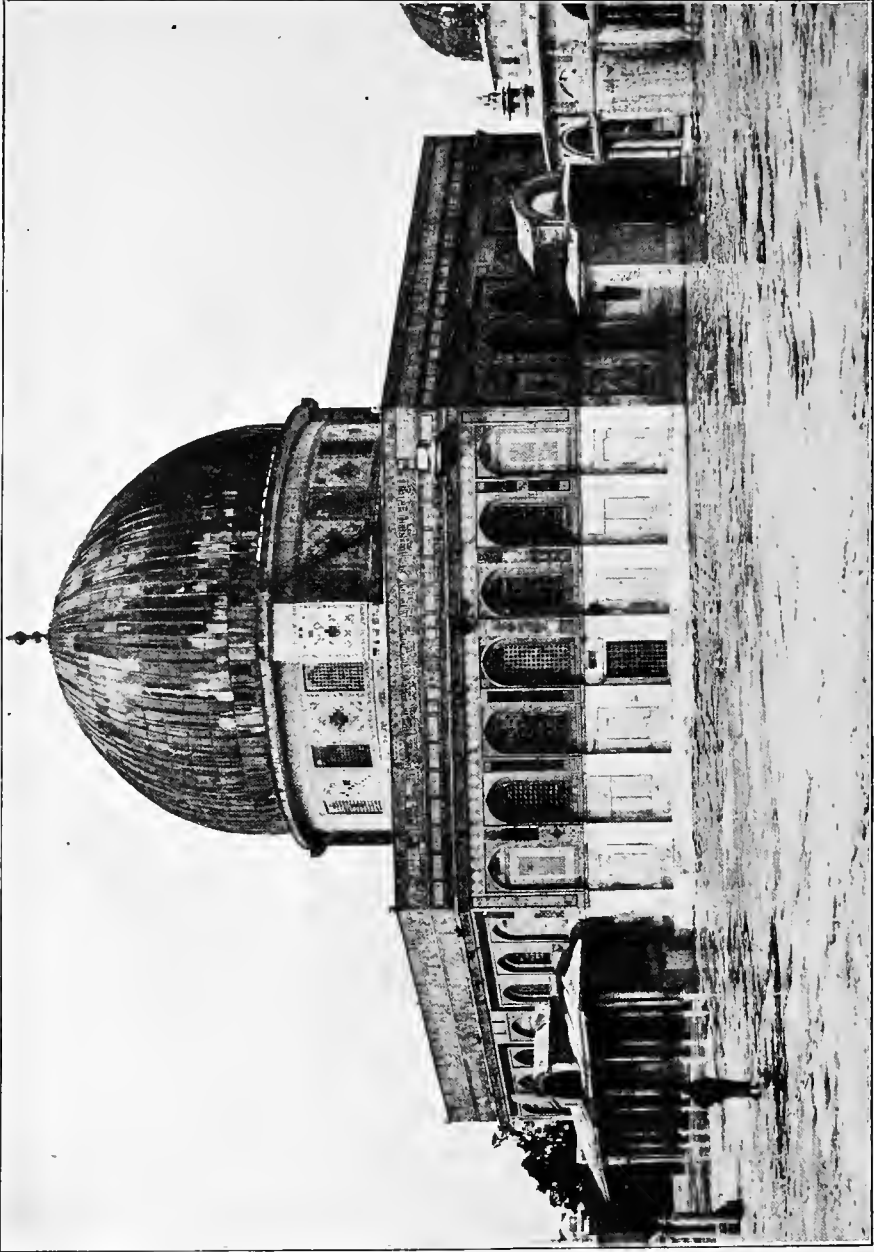
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THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

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The Mosque of Omar.

(Kubbet es-Sakhra, The Dome of the Rock.)

By Charles E. Johnson.

Not the least among the seven wonders of the world in the eyes of the inhabitants of the mediæval ages was the famous shrine or mosque built over the Rock of Abraham on Mount Moriah, popularly, though erroneously known as the Mosque of Omar. The mosque occupies practically the center of the ancient site of the Temple, called by the orientals Haram esh-Sherif (Chief Sanctuary). By Europeans it is referred to as the Temple Area or Platform, and as it is by far the most interesting part of Jerusalem, a brief account of the vicissitudes it has undergone in ages past may not be out of place here.

From the earliest dawn of ecclesiastical history this area has been invested with the deepest religious sanctity. Abraham was commanded to offer up his son Isaac in "the land of Moriah" (Genesis 22). Here in later years David erected an altar to the Most High (II Sam. 24), and Solomon subsequently chose this site on which to build his Temple. In all probability the sacred Rock of Abraham bore the altar of burnt offerings. The second Temple, built by the Jews upon their return from exile, was, on account of the adverse conditions which surrounded them, very much inferior in grandeur to the Temple of Solomon. This was in turn succeeded by the Temple of Herod, which was designed on a magnificent scale, but never fin-

ished on the lines originally projected. It was destroyed by the Romans in 70 A. D. and replaced under Hadrian by the Temple of Jupiter. Much controversy exists as to the structures which followed, although it is believed that a beautiful church was erected about 560 by the Emperor Justinian. The latter, it is thought, was converted by the Mohammedans into a Moslem sanctuary about 680, some fifty years after the capture of Jerusalem by Abu Obeidah under the Khalif Omar. The present Dome of the Rock was completed about two hundred years later.

To those unacquainted with the Moslem religion it may appear strange that they should hold sacred an object venerated so highly by both Jews and Christians, but it must be understood that they believe their religion to be the undefiled system which all the prophets from Adam to Jesus taught to mankind. They believe they are descended from Abraham through Ishmael, who with his mother, Hagar, was kindly received by the primitive inhabitants of the country after Abraham exiled them from home (Genesis 21: 14-18). Ishmael married the daughter of the reigning prince and from the twelve sons which she bore came a vigorous race which overran the country and acquired it from the original Arabian stock. Hence it is that ancient objects revered by Jews and Christians are also held sacred by the Moslems.

The great division in belief comes on the question of the Divine Sonship of Christ, which the Moslems deny. They esteem Christ as one of the six great prophets of all time, but regard Mohammed as the last and greatest. As the teachings of Christ improved upon the law of Moses, so Mahomet improved upon the system enunciated by the Savior, and brought the great and final messages from God to man.

The immediate cause of the erection of the Mosque of Omar is the Rock of Abraham, resting practically in the

side of which is about sixty-six feet in length. Beautiful marble slabs cover the lower portions of it, while from the window sills upward it is covered with porcelain tiles. These slabs and tiles are varicolored and a beautiful effect is obtained from the subdued blue contrasted with the white and the green and white squares on the edges. Around the building, like a frieze, run passages from the Koran, inscribed in interwoven characters in Arabic, the gracefully curved letters of which lend themselves effectively to decorative



Mountford-Johnson Photo.

THE ROCK OF ABRAHAM.

center of the Temple Area. Until recent years Christians were not allowed to enter its sacred precincts, and Jews never visit it, fearing that they might unwittingly tread upon the Holy of Holies of the ancient Temple. The imposing dome seen in the photograph is immediately over the Rock, from which the edifice takes its proper name. The building stands on an irregular platform ten feet above the pavement of the Area and is approached by eight flights of steps leading from various directions. It forms an octagon, each

art. On each of the sides of the octagon without doors are seven windows with low pointed arches, and on each of the other sides are six. Four gates face the cardinal points of the compass, square in form, each being surmounted by a vaulted arch.

To describe the arrangements and decorations of the interior would be impossible here, chiefly because no description could convey an idea of the gorgeousness of the varicolored marble pillars, pavements, screens, reading stands, or the wonderful Persian

rugs and carpets. A faint idea of the effect of the contrasting colors in the marble work may be gained from the picture from the pillars and arches which surround the enclosure of the Rock. The wrought iron screen at the rear was placed there by the Crusaders during the period of their possession of the Mosque. A portion of the wonderful mosaic work of the ceiling may also be seen.

The Rock is fifty-eight feet long, forty-four feet wide and rises from four to six feet above the surrounding pavement. Traces are yet to be

seen Madam Mountford and Sheik Khalil Danaf, custodian of the Mosque. The latter is a fine type of upper class Moslem, and is much honored and respected in his position, which will descend to his son upon his death. Through his friendship for Madam Mountford, I was enabled to secure many photographs which are impossible ordinarily to obtain. On one occasion, I made a picture by flashlight of Madam Mountford standing on the Rock, a thing which has probably never been allowed before. The rank and file of the Moslems would



TOMB OF AARON.

Mountford-Johnson Photo.

seen on its surface of the steps cut by the Crusaders leading to an altar which they built upon it. Beneath the Rock is a chamber reached by a flight of steps on the south side. In this cavern is said to be the tomb of Aaron, and here also are shown small benches, said to be where Abraham, Elijah, David and Solomon were in the habit of praying. Through a hole in the Rock projects a beam upon which a number of beautiful lamps are suspended, and on the floor are rugs of the most costly kind.

In the picture of this chamber are

have considered it sacrilege and desecration of the Rock, and would have doubtless made it extremely unpleasant for us had it become known.

The Koran (Arabic, kora, to read or teach) is the Holy Book of the Mohammedans. What the Bible is to the Christians, the Talmud to the Jews, or the Zendavesta to the Zoroastrians, the Koran is to the Moslems. The third article of the Mohammedan faith requires belief in the Koran as a book of divine revelation. According to the creed, a Book was treasured up in the seventh heaven which had existed

from all eternity. In it were written all the decrees of God, and all events, past, present and future. Passages from this Book were copied and brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, and by him given to Mahomet as events or emergencies required. These were not put into writing by the prophet, but were taken down or remembered by his disciples, and upon his death a compilation was made of them. Pride in the book causes its believers to have copies splendidly bound and ornamented. An inscription is usually placed on the cover forbidding anyone to touch it who is unclean, and in reading it, to hold it below the girdle is considered irreverent. The great reverence and respect shown it is due to the fact that it forms the Moslem civil and penal as well as religious law. To quote Washington Irving, "With all its errors and discrepancies, if we consider it mainly the work of one man, and that an unlettered man, it remains a stupendous monument of solitary legislation." The copy shown in the photograph occupies a prominent place

in the Mosque, and is an object of great interest on account of its colossal size and the richness and beauty of its ornamentation. It was considered a great concession by the Sheik to allow us to remove it from the stand to make the photograph.

As in the case of practically every object of historic note in the Holy Land, the Rock and the Mosque is befogged with a dense cloud of the grossest superstition. As briefly as possible, I shall endeavor to mention the principal supernatural beliefs which hover about them, which are accepted by the great majority of the Moslems, and many Jews. According to the Talmud, the Rock covers an abyss in which the waters of the Flood are heard roaring. This in spite of a very obvious pillar and bit of white-washed wall to be seen in the cavern. Beneath it is the "well of souls" where the dead assemble twice weekly to pray. Some think these departed ones await the Resurrection, but a more gloomy fancy holds that the gates of hell are here. Abraham and Melchisedek sacrificed here, and Jacob is said



THE KORAN, IN THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Mounford-Johnson, Photo

to have anointed the Rock. It was regarded as the center of the world and as "the stone of foundation," that is, the spot where the Ark of the Covenant rested. Jesus is said to have discovered the great and unspeakable name of God written upon the Rock, by the deciphering of which He was enabled to work His miracles. Mahomet declared that one prayer at the Rock was worth a thousand elsewhere. He himself prayed here, and from the right of the Holy Rock he was translated to heaven on his miraculous steed El Borak. An impression of his head is shown in the ceiling, and on the west side is pointed out the imprint of the hand of the angel who restrained the Rock in its attempt to follow him to heaven. At the last day the blast from the trumpet to announce the judgment will resound from here, the Holy Caaba will come from Mecca, and the throne of God will be placed upon the Rock. In front of the north entrance, a slab of jasper, said to be the cover of Solomon's tomb, is let into the ground, into which Mahomet drove nineteen golden nails. One of these nails falls out at the end of every epoch, and when all are gone the end of the world will come. On one occasion, Satan destroyed all but three and one-half, but he was detected and stopped by the angel Gabriel. A footprint of the prophet in the Rock is shown, also three hairs from his beard are preserved in a gilded tower.

Outside the east door of the Mosque is a beautiful little structure called the

Dome of the Chain. It owes its name to the circumstance that it was David's place of judgment, and there a chain hung which had to be grasped by all witnesses. A truthful man could hold it without effort, but when a liar seized it, a link dropped to the ground. In the outer wall is shown a place to which a wire will be attached on the Day of Judgment. The other end will be made fast to the Mount of Olives. Christ will sit upon the wall, and Mahomet upon the mount. All men must pass over this wire, but only the good will succeed in crossing—the wicked will fall into the valley below.

Speaking of these things, Professor Kelman says: "Frauds such as these force upon every visitor the question how far the Mohammedans themselves believe them. * * * All this and much else is but the inevitable outcome of a worship that gathers around a stone. It is petrified worship, hard and dead as its sacred Rock." While this is one side of Mohammedanism, it must not be inferred that this is all of it. It accepts all the virtues of Christianity and inculcates many rules and practices of superior philosophy for the daily guidance of humanity. An example of one of the many excellent precepts contained in the Koran is the command that if a man is indebted to you and the payment of the debt would be oppressive to him, you must forgive him the debt, and receive credit in heaven.

**"The Sunday School is of more value to a community than a police force,
and of more value to the nation than standing armies."**

Our First Thanksgiving in Utah.

I have a story which I would like to tell to the young people of Zion. It is a true story about the first Thanksgiving my wife and baby and I spent in Utah. That was almost twenty years ago; but what happened that day is as fresh in our memory at the present time as though it had taken place yesterday, and will, I hope, remain with us as a testimony of the goodness of God and the love of our fellow-man.

Times were very hard in "the City of the Saints" in those days—1892. Work was scarce and wages low. It required no effort on our part at that time to live "the simple life." Our "home" was in the Seventeenth Ward. It consisted of one room. When we wanted to go out of the dining-room into the parlor or bedroom, we just turned round and stayed where we were. We didn't waste any time, however, in mourning over our "reduced circumstances." We had read somewhere, "When you haven't got what you like, like what you have," and we tried to put that excellent bit of advice into practice.

I have never sought for any position in the Church except one, and I got it—janitor of the Seventeenth Ward meetinghouse. When I heard of the vacancy, I immediately went to Bishop Tingey and offered my services. He engaged me. I found that it would not be necessary for me to take a course in physical culture in order to develop strength enough to draw my salary—eight dollars per month. When I returned and told my wife that I had secured the "situation," her eyes sparkled. "Good!" she exclaimed, "That provides for the settling of two of our accounts—rent and light—each month."

Now to my story proper. It was Thanksgiving Day, our first Thanksgiving in Utah. The morning was cold and dreary. We had just finished

a light breakfast, and I was holding the baby up to the window that she might see the sparrows feast on the crumbs which had fallen from the poor man's table. I turned and saw my wife looking dreamily into the fire.

"Penny for your thoughts," I said.

"I am thinking," she said, "of our Thanksgiving dinner. "It will consist of a few potatoes and a small fish."

"Just two courses," I said. "Well, perhaps the other six will come later."

We spent the forenoon reviewing some of our experiences and in reflecting on the goodness of God in bringing us out of the darkness of spiritual Babylon into the glorious light which He has revealed from heaven in these latter days. My wife prepared the table at 12:30 and the last food we had in the house was placed upon it. And I will add here that our last piec of coal was slowly but surely burning to ashes in the stove before us. A blessing was asked upon the little fish and the few potatoes and we divided the meal between us.

As we sat eating that humble fare, the music from a neighboring piano came floating to our ears, and a moment later a sweet voice burst forth into song:

"O, awake, my slumbering minstrel;
Let my heart forget its spell;
Say, O say, in sweetest accents,
Zion prospers, all is well.

"Strike a chord unknown to sadness;
Strike, and let its numbers tell
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion prospers all is well."

I have dined a number of times since that day in some of the grand cafes of this land and on the continent of Europe, and listened with delight to the music of their superb orchestras; but their music did not sound half as sweet to me as did the music which came to our humble abode on

that Thanksgiving day in 1892. It was the song of a young woman whose parents and grandparents had come to Utah in early days and who had passed successfully through the trials incident to pioneer life, who had dined often, not on fish and potatoes, but on sego roots and thistle tops.

I looked at my wife and said: "There was a time when the parents of that sweet singer were just as poor as you and I are today. They trusted in God, they loved and served Him, and because of their faithfulness He has blessed them abundantly. Let us be faithful, too, and perhaps the day will come when our daughter shall be able to play as sweet a toned instrument, and sing with as rich a voice the songs of Zion. That day has come, for as I sit penning these lines she is playing the piano and singing songs that are dear to our hearts, although she is entirely ignorant of what I am writing.

After "luncheon" I said to my wife, "I will go over to the meetinghouse and make a good fire. Then I will come back and get you and the baby and we will go over and spend the afternoon there."

I did so. Soon the little one fell asleep and we made a bed for her on one of the benches. I swept the floor of the sanctuary and my companion dusted the seats. Then we sat down and had "a two-horse meeting all our own."

Three hours passed, and it was time for us to return home. How was I to take my wife and babe back to that cold, scantily-furnished room? Just then an idea came to me and a moment later I was working it out. I remembered also that on one occasion David, the sweet singer of Israel, when hungry went into the temple and helped himself to the bread that belonged to the priests. I would follow his example and help myself to a little of the meetinghouse coal, and tell the bishop afterwards.

I carried two large pieces of coal

over to our room, and when I had a bright fire burning I went back and brought over my wife and child.

As we sat talking together and wondering how we would get our next meal suddenly I felt impressed to go out. My wife asked me where I was going. I told her I did not know, but that I would be back soon. A gentleman was passing as I opened the gate. He spoke to me, saying the night was very cold. I answered him, and scarcely realizing what I was doing, I walked by his side down the street. He was a stranger to me. I had never spoken to him before. When we had reached the end of the block he asked me my name. I told him. "My name," said he, "is William Armstrong. I run a store down here in the Sixteenth Ward, and I would like to get your trade." I smiled. "My dear sir," I answered, "my trade would not profit you. I have not got one dollar in the world, and I do not know when I shall have one." Then I told him how we were situated, and his heart warmed with love and sympathy towards us. He turned to me and said, "Come down to my store and I will give you all the groceries you need. If you are ever able to pay me all right, if not, all right." I could hardly believe my ears. "Well," said I, "I will take them on those terms."

He filled two large baskets full of good things; then he put two sacks of coal on a barrow and got one of his sons to take them to our room. When I entered the house with the two baskets of food, my wife's eyes almost jumped out on to her cheeks. "Why, bless my heart," said she, "where did you get all those provisions?" "Hush," I said, "I have just held up a grocer down the street." Then I told her of Brother Armstrong's kindness.

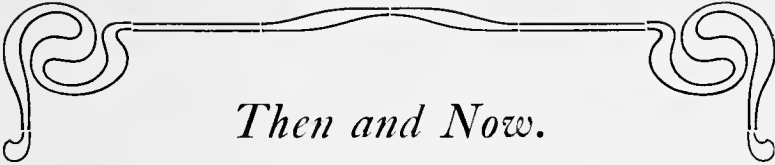
The good woman got busy immediately, and an hour later we sat down to a splendid Thanksgiving supper. And as we were eating, the words of the Master came to us: "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap;

which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?" How literally true, for as we

had fed the sparrows that Thanksgiving morning so our Heavenly Father fed us that Thanksgiving night.—
W. A. M.



"Here comes the great Thanksgiving Dinner!
Ahead of all the big plum-pudding."



Then and Now.

1776 (A THANKSGIVING POEM) 1910.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

*Lo, 'pon the silvery wings of the Morning,
The voice of a people ascended above,
In psans of praise, in thanks, in adoring
The Heavenly Father for His boundless love.*

*The Father whose arm in sweet mercy extended,
Had freed them from bondage, and backward had hurled
The ranks of the foe that Oppression defended,
And swiftly the banner of Freedom unfurled.*

*Many the years which have been and have vanished
Since that glad thanksgiving was heard in the land.
That nation grown mighty, all fear hath now banished,
And stands a proud monument stately and grand.*

*Again is the voice of thanksgiving wafted
Upward to Heaven, but for worldly wealth
The notes are prolonged; thought for it is ingrafted
More firmly in mind than e'en thought for health.*

*Down! down! with the god of mankind's creation!
Long and loud raise the strains of the Thanksgiving song,
In the same cadence sweet which at birth of our nation
Re-echoed in Heaven for triumph o'er Wrong!*

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY

NOVEMBER, 1910

A Great Sunday School Conference.

Probably the greatest Sunday School conference ever held was that which convened in the Tabernacle, Sunday evening, October 9, 1910, at 7 o'clock. On account of sickness our beloved General Superintendent, President Joseph F. Smith, was prevented from attending, but Presidents Anthon H. Lund and John Henry Smith, with most of the Quorum of the Twelve, were on the stand, together with the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. The roll call showed a response from fifty-nine stakes and seven missions. These represented one hundred and seventy thousand Sunday School workers.

The building was packed, even the available standing room being occupied.

The musical program, under the direction of Professor Evan Stephens, was most beautiful, consisting of the following numbers: Solo and chorus, "O Zion, when I think of thee," composed by Professor John J. McClellan, sung by Fred C. Graham and Tabernacle choir; "Crowned with the Tempest," by Horace S. Ensign and Choir; Duet, "Make the Home Beautiful (Stephens)" by Sisters Esther Davis and Erma Pendleton; Tenor Solo from "Jephthah," Elder J. H. Hand; Solo and Chorus, "Inflammatu," by Sister Lizzie Thomas Edward and Choir.

Another interesting feature of the conference was the recital of "The Beatitudes" (Matthew 5: 3-12) by the entire congregation, led by Superintendent Jos. F. Merrill and the Granite Stake Board.

The leading addresses of the evening were given by Elders Stephen L. Richards and Nathan T. Porter, and these were separated by ten two-minute talks on important Sunday School topics. These addresses follow in full in their order and should be carefully read by every Sunday School worker.

ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS.

It seems to me altogether fitting and appropriate that this great gathering of Sunday School workers should be held in connection with the General Conference of the Church. As was said this afternoon, "In the youth of Zion is the

hope of Israel," and it is very proper and meet, I take it, that the Sunday School workers, who are entrusted with the education and development of the Sunday School children throughout Zion, should partake of and receive the good spirit of the Conference and its influence in their gatherings upon these occasions.

It becomes my privilege this evening to briefly recite to you some of the observations which the General Board have made during the past year in the conventions of Stakes, which have been held throughout the Church. In opening, permit me to say that on the whole they have been the most profitable gatherings of Sunday School workers ever held under the direction of the General Board. There has been a larger attendance of Sunday School officers and teachers, a better and more careful preparation of papers and subjects, and withal as fine a spirit as has ever prevailed in any such gatherings heretofore. I should like, if time would permit, to go into some detail regarding the advancement and progress made in each department, as evidenced by these conventions, but I can merely, with the limited time allotted to me, make some observations with respect to some of the departments.

I should first like to address myself to the superintendents and their department in these conventions. All of those who had the privilege of being in attendance at these conventions will recall that the librarians, the organists, the choristers, and the treasurers were invited to join with the superintendents and there discuss certain problems and difficulties and matters relating to their various departments. This arrangement proved to be most beneficial to all concerned, and I am glad to say that there exists, I am sure, a better understanding with respect to the superintendents and their functions and duties regarding the various departments of the Sunday School than there has ever existed before. It has been indeed a pleasure to observe the keen interest manifested by superintendents in the welfare and in the condition of their stakes. Indeed, there has never been a time nor an occasion wherein all of the superintendents present did not manifest the keenest interest and the greatest desire to gather and receive all of the suggestions that could be made to them for the betterment of their work.

This is a day and age of specialism. It has been said, and properly, that education of today requires that one should know something of everything and everything of something. In view of the trend of thought, in view of the requirements and the obligations laid upon men in this day and age of the world, it has become necessary that each person prepare and qualify himself for his particular calling in a way that shall make him adequate and competent to perform the duties and responsibilities of that calling. It is to my mind excellent to see the way in which the superintendents have undertaken to divide the responsibility imposed upon them in such a way that each man in his particular place and calling is fitted and qualified to discharge his labors and his particular duties. By this specialization, by this division of labor and this division of responsibility, we have been able to accomplish in our Sunday School far more than could possibly be accomplished under the arrangement of having all three of the superintendency attend to one function or one matter. In these conventions there has been evidence of the work that has been accomplished by this specialization in duty. Furthermore, we have discovered that by assigning to one member of the superintendency the work of looking after the officers of the school, that that member of the superintendency has become familiar with each and very detail of the work to be accomplished by each of the various officers of the school, and, my brethren and sisters, I want to say that it is my firm conviction that we shall never achieve that success and that advancement in Sunday School work which we desire until we shall have conquered all of the details relating to

our work. It is the little things, the small things, those things which to some seem scarcely worthy of consideration, that go to make for excellent schools and go to give the children the opportunities which they need and must have for their proper religious training and development, and so I should point out, as one great evidence of progress in our Sunday School work, that there has been a division of labor, that those engaged as officers and teachers in the Sunday School have so divided the responsibility of the work, that each and every member knows first what he has to do, and then prepares himself to do it. That cannot help but bring us the success that we desire.

In passing, I should like to refer briefly to the work of the Librarian's department. You are all aware that this department in our Sunday School has not been abreast of the other departments. You are aware that this important work has to some extent been neglected, and I should like to say that in the conventions this work received very important consideration, and I would summarize the work as follows: that the librarians, as a rule, have been persons of immature judgment, have not been qualified to execute and perform the important work that they were called upon to do. It is no easy thing to select books. It is no easy thing to distribute reading matter in such a way as to do the most good, and we have discovered that our Librarians' departments have been placed in the hands of young boys and young girls, who could not be expected, by reason of their immature years and their lack of proper training, to fully execute and accomplish the work of this department, so that it has been determined by the stakes all through the Church that it is proper and fitting that persons of mature judgment, persons of learning and of education, wherever they can be found, shall be selected for this department, in order that it may accomplish its work in the Sunday Schools.

I pass for a moment to that one great department, but recently inaugurated in our Sunday Schools, the Department of Parents, and I am sure that it will be received by you with the greatest pleasure to know that that great department has grown steadily from the inception of the movement. There has not been any back-sliding. That department has taken hold of the people and has become well grounded as one of the most indispensable parts of the Sunday School. What it has done, what it has achieved, in the community, in the homes of the Saints, you are familiar with. I am sure that the work of that department has made better homes. I am sure that it has made men and women, fathers and mothers, think more than they have thought before, of their responsibilities to their children, of their obligations to their homes, and of the necessity of making those homes attractive and beneficial in the lives of their children. Furthermore, the Parents' Department has assumed in many cases to extend its work into the communities. Upon various occasions it has been instrumental in surrounding the young people with better environment, it has been instrumental in removing from their midst those certain enticements, those certain temptations which have made for the downfall of some of our young people; and I am sure that it is entitled to the earnest support of every parent, of every father and mother who love their children and desire for them the finest, the most splendid environment, that can be secured.

The Intermediate departments of our Sunday Schools have been shown to have increased in their diligence in the work. It has been found that the teachers of those departments have come to understand better the outlines that have been suggested for their help in the Sunday School work, and I am sure that there has been shown in those departments a great deal of genuine progress.

Those little ones, those dear, sweet little children who make up and constitute our Kindergarten and Primary departments are deserving of our attention

for a few moments. I am sure that there is no Sunday School worker but who, if he had his choice, would not spend his time and his efforts and his energy in working with those sweet little flowers who have been given to us to rear and raise here upon earth.

The Sunday School teachers of these little ones year by year have come to devote more time and more attention and more thought to the proper teaching of these classes. It is a great pleasure today to step into a Sunday School, to see a room with a beautiful carpet upon it, with curtains at the windows, with choice pictures upon the wall, neat and clean and sweet, filled with these little darlings who are taught by our Sunday School teachers, and it is indeed a pleasure to see a teacher gather around her four or five or six or seven of these little ones, seated upon their little chairs, and there explain to them the principles of this Gospel. And I know that they do explain to them the principles of the Gospel, as simple as their stories seem to be, and I know also that those little ones are capable of understanding and capable of appreciating and receiving the impression of the Gospel if it is taught to them in the proper manner and in the proper spirit; and for our Kindergarten workers we wish to say this: we enjoin upon you to teach the Gospel. It is true that we need to interest our little ones with stories of different kinds, that we need to play the games that are provided for those departments, but remember that we are teaching the Gospel to them, and remember that the Gospel can be taught to them, and that their little minds are capable of the reception of those great principles of truth and of righteousness to a degree that would astonish many of the older persons.

Not long ago I was told by one of the members of the General Board that his little tot, six or seven years old, went with him to see a portrayal of pictures representing the life of Christ; that she sat there during the evening and watched those pictures as they were presented upon the canvas, and after the entertainment was over, she said to her father, "Papa, they forgot to put in certain phases of the life of Christ." They neglected to give this and they neglected to give that, and she knew that story so well, so firmly had it been impressed upon her little mind, that she was able to discern that omissions had been made in the life and history of our Savior as it was pictured upon the canvas.

Now, my brethren and sisters, these conventions held during the year 1910 have served to stimulate the Sunday School work. They have served also, if it could be, to bring renewed interest to the presiding brethren of the stakes in the great Sunday School cause. It has been a pleasure, it has been a great help, to have with us upon those occasions the presidency of the stakes, the high council, the bishops of wards, and to hear their sustaining voice from time to time in the discussions of those conventions. We thank them and we extend to them our gratitude for the loyal support which they have given to the great cause in all of the meetings, in all of the various gatherings that have been called in the interest of this great work; and we thank, too, the Sunday School officers and teachers throughout the length and breadth of Zion for the marvelous interest that they have sustained, year in and year out, in season and out of season, in this great work to which they have so faithfully devoted themselves. The General Board appreciates beyond expression, your good will, your assistance, your undying faith in this work and in the accomplishment of the great mission that it has to perform, and it is my prayer and my earnest desire that that faith may never waver, that it may continue to grow stronger and stronger, that it may stimulate you to efforts heretofore unknown, and that it may make of you accomplished teachers, accomplished specialists in the lines which you have undertaken; for I want to tell you that inasmuch as we have taken upon ourselves voluntarily, subject to call, of course, this great responsi-

bility, we shall not be held blameless if for one instant in any time or in any place we neglect that responsibility. It is my firm conviction that it would be better for any man to refuse, for any woman or any girl to refuse point-blank to teach a Sunday School class than for him or her to undertake the obligation and then to neglect it and to fail to give it that degree of study, of preparation, of thought and of prayer that should be accorded to that great responsibility. But I have faith in the teachers. I have faith in their devotion to the work. I believe that as years go by they will increase in efficiency just as we all propose to increase in efficiency. I believe that it is the ambition and the aspiration of everyone engaged in this work to do all within his or her power for the youth of Zion. In no greater work could we be engaged. It is impossible for me to conceive that there is any one line of work more productive of good, of lasting and mighty results, than that of the great Sunday School cause.

I trust that there is not one teacher, not one man, not one woman engaged in this work, who is not engaged in it for the love of it, and for the love of God and His children; and so long as we love God, so long as we love His Gospel, so long as we respect His laws and His ordinances, and so order our lives that they are clean and pure and exemplary, we cannot fail to be true teachers of the everlasting Gospel unto the youth of Zion. God bless us to this end is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER GEORGE M. CANNON.

"FIVE REASONS FOR HOLDING A SUPERINTENDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING."

First, council meetings should be held at a specified place and at a regularly appointed time, otherwise they do not produce the results, and it is a good deal like allowing something we desire done just to happen and not to plan it.

Second. Where council meetings are regularly held, matters needing attention will be arranged and provided for. Some have asked, "What can we do in these council meetings?" You will find that there are scores of things that it will be necessary for you to do. The subject of the enlistment of your un-enrolled, punctuality of those who do attend, regularity in the attendance of those who are enrolled, providing for teachers where vacancies have occurred, and all other matters pertaining to the welfare of the school.

Third. It is necessary, in your local board meetings you should plan your work, invite your teachers and officers to come to these local board or preparation meetings, and it is proper that you should have something for them when they do come. If you expect them to come you must expect to feed them intellectually.

Fourth. Before each session of the school it is proper that every man should be assigned his duty. The officer who is to conduct the exercises should know that fact. The brother who is to lead in the *Sacrament Gem* should be advised ahead. The brother or sister who is to give a *Sacrament Thought* should be told and be prepared. The concert recitation should be led by one who has been appointed regularly, and every other officer who is assigned some public duty should be notified in advance, so that he will not be taken by surprise.

Fifth and in conclusion. I will say that the superintendency preside over the Sunday School, and not the superintendent. If the superintendent alone were there, he could confer with himself, and think over matters requiring his attention, but his assistants, as the name implies, have been given to him that they may assist him, and so council meetings between them should be held. I

think every officer who presides, while realizing that he does preside, should remember what was said by our file leader, President Joseph F. Smith, at the time he became President of the Church. From this stand he declared that he would see to it that his counselors were counselors in very deed, and not simply in name. Let us do likewise, all who are in the superintendency, and counsel with those who are placed to assist us. When this is done everything will be in order. It will not be necessary for the officers sitting upon the stand to whisper to each other after the school has opened, but they can set a becoming example to the children by not whispering, but by having everything arranged, and I pray that we may understand this in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER CHARLES B. FELT.

“SOME ELEMENTS ESSENTIAL IN A SUCCESSFUL LOCAL BOARD MEETING.”

The members of such boards should have the spirit of the Lord, and feel their dependence upon it.

They should enjoy a testimony of the Gospel, and esteem it a “pearl of great price,” a knowledge of which is of incalculable benefit to every living soul.

They should so love God and so love the Gospel, and so love the children of our Father, that they are willing and anxious to present that gospel to those children, even if it of necessity entails the giving of themselves in the doing: feeling such an individual responsibility in connection with their work, charged as they are with so great a responsibility as the building of character, the moral guidance, the religious training of God's children, that they are willing to put into their effort as teachers the very best they are capable of, and realize that they have been called by those having the right to call, sustained by those whom they are to bless and serve, to membership upon a board for the direction and control and conduct of the Sunday School, responsible in a measure for the general work as well as for the special department to which they may have been assigned, willing to give thought to the general problems of the school, and when attending these local board meetings, able and anxious to take part in the discussion and consideration of the problems presented by the executive officers, who will call upon them for their help in solving them, and give them what they should have, a voice and vote upon every step that is taken and all the work that is done in connection with the Sunday School; feeling that in their department work, where the lessons are prepared—where they are finished, rather—for presentation to the children, where the very essence of Sunday School work is brought to a climax ready for presentation, that they should come there after preparation, prepared with an outline of the lesson to be considered, realizing that in unity there is strength, and that wisdom is not all bound in one bundle, but that the action concerning the lesson work should be the concrete wisdom of them all. They should enter into their department work to get and give and emerge therefrom thoroughly fitted for presenting in the best manner possible the lessons to be given to the children. This would necessitate an order of business in the general assembly that should be observed, and an order of business in the preparation and completion of the lesson work, that it may be considered logically, step by step, until the teacher shall go forth with the “aim” developed, the “lesson-picture” made clear and distinct, and all of these features so necessary in the complete lesson worked out and decided upon and understood by every member of the class; rejoicing in God's giving

them the opportunity of blessing their fellow man and laboring as servants in His vineyard.

ELDER J. W. WALKER.

(Superintendent of Alpine Stake.)

“WHAT METHODS HAVE MADE YOUR ENLISTMENT WORK SUCCESSFUL?”

There should be systematic work.

There should be in each school an enlistment committee or enlistment officer. There should also be provided a census roll, showing the names of all Latter-day Saint children in the ward up to and including the age of twenty years. These names should be grouped in families, and arranged in alphabetical order, with the names of the parents at the head of each group. Opposite each name should be a notation showing whether or not the child is enrolled in the school.

The un-enrolled might be labored with in this manner. The enlistment officer should visit the home of the parents to learn their attitude regarding the non-attendance of their child. If favorable, then with the help of the parent, the enlistment officer can usually get the child into the school. If unfavorable, a number of different methods might be used. Perhaps the most effective and most important will be that the enlistment officer go into the home and there present to the indifferent parents and to the indifferent child the beauties of the Sunday School work. Show them how the Sunday School will educate their child and bring it into the fold of Christ. A companion of the child might be encouraged to meet the child on Sunday morning and bring him into Sunday School with a few kind words of encouragement. The enlistment officer might also meet a child upon the street or at some other place and extend a hearty handshake and a friendly word to him. On Sunday morning the place for the enlistment officer should be at the door of the school room, there to welcome the new-comer and to show him his place in the school, the class which he should join. At the close of the school the enlistment officer should again be found at the door to bid him visit the Sunday School again, to make him feel free and that it is a home that he can come to. These are some of the points that might bring the wayward child back into the fold of Christ.

ELDER HENRY PETERSON.

“WHAT BENEFITS ARE DERIVED FROM CONCERT RECITATION?”

The benefits derived from concert recitation depend, first, upon the number of passages that are memorized for this exercise. If we continue at the present rate, which is governed by the General Suprintendency through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR (and I think the rate is none too fast) we shall memorize about forty-five or fifty passages per year, which is about the equivalent of the entire Gospel of St. Mark, in the child's entire Sunday School career, from the Primary to the Theological department.

The benefits derived from concert recitation depend, secondly, upon the quality of the passages memorized. If these passages are the sayings of the Savior, if they are the choicest scriptural expression of the best spiritual experiences of God's people, it will be readily seen that thy will be of inestimable value in the life of any child of God.

The benefits of concert recitation depend, thirdly, upon the thoroughness with which these exercises are memorized. The Sunday School age of childhood and early youth is the age when the mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain." It is an age of instinctive memory; and in order that instinctive memory may be exercised, it should be exercised upon proper material. We think that the exercises suggested are the best kind of material for the exercise of this faculty of the child's mind. There has been a tendency in education to re-act very much against this. Professor William James says that all sound education must still continue to do a certain amount of memory work. This should be done during those years when memory is instinctive.

The first two points that I mentioned are governed by the General Board through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The last, "the thoroughness with which these exercises are memorized," must depend upon the proper officer in the stake and ward superintendencies. They should see that these passages are so thoroughly memorized that they will become part of the life of the child, that they are understood by the child as far as he is capable of understanding them. If this care is taken in connection with the concert recitation, then the time is not far distant when it will be one of the best and most educative exercises of the Sunday School.

PRESIDENT FRANCIS M. LYMAN.

"HOW SHALL WE GET INTO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MORE BOYS IN THEIR TEENS?"

I do not know what Brother John M. Mills, who is absent on account of illness, would have answered, but I desire to answer for him: Utilize the boys in their teens as missionaries to convert those of their age, and also other children who are not enrolled, from four or five years up to twenty; use those of one age to convert those of their same age; use them as missionaries, I suggest.

ELDER MILTON BENNION.

"WHAT HAS VENTILATING, HEATING AND FREEZING TO DO WITH SUCCESSFUL CLASS WORK?"

This question has to do with physical elements upon which three essential conditions of successful class work depend. These conditions are: first, the pupil must be awake; second, he must attend to the lesson in hand; and, third, this attention must be of the active, productive sort. Too much heat induces drowsiness, sleep and general sluggishness. If the pupil is to sleep in Sunday School, favorable conditions should be provided, so that his sleep may be refreshing. Sleep induced by heat and bad air produce only mental stupidity. If the room is too cold, the teacher has to compete with cold feet for the attention of his pupils. In this kind of competition the feet are sure to win. To avoid both these extremes, every class room and assembly room should be provided with a wall thermometer, and the janitor should see that the temperature is between 68 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit. If the janitor is not thus trained, he should be taken in training; and in the meantime one of the superintendency and the teachers concerned should see that this temperature is maintained. In breathing pure air, we have two important functions. It supplies the blood with oxygen, and it eliminates useless gases and organic waste. Both processes are essential to life. Deficiency in either diminishes mental power. In this enlightened age, no public building should be erected without provision for in-

roducing a supply of warm, fresh air in winter. Provision should also be made for supplying moisture when necessary, since air when warm becomes dryer, and air that is too dry absorbs moisture from the delicate membranes of the throat, nose and lungs, thus inducing catarrh and other chronic diseases with their train of evils. In buildings not provided with a ventilating system when erected, suitable ventilating systems should be installed. In the absence of such a system, however, it is best to introduce, at as many points as possible in the room, a small current of cold air, and this air should be directed toward the ceiling, so that it may be warmed and diffused before it comes in contact with the pupils. This arrangement will necessitate burning more coal to keep up the temperature. The officers who refuse to ventilate because of the cost of extra fuel should do a little careful figuring that they may determine which is worth more, a ton of coal or a ton of boys and girls.

ELDER HORACE S. ENSIGN.

“SYSTEM IN THE PREPARATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.”

System is order; order is the first law of heaven. We have system in the organization of our Sunday School. We have system in the division of responsibility placed upon the officers in our Sunday School. One of these officers has been called to look after the music. We ask that the chorister and the organist confer with the superintendent having this responsibility, that we may have order in our school in the preparation of our music. We ask that our choristers use system in preparing their music, that in presenting it to the school they may do it intelligently. We ask that our organists use system in study and preparing the music that they play at the opening of the school and during the passing of the sacrament and during the marching of the school, that they may learn each and every part, that they may be prepared also in assisting the chorister; that they may play the four parts; that they may learn the tenor in particular. There are but few of our organists who learn the full four parts. We ask that they use system in this. System means harmony. Harmony means peace, and peace means the Spirit of God. I pray that we may have it in the preparation of our Sunday School music.

ELDER HOWARD R. DRIGGS.

“SHALL I USE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SCRIPTURE STORY ANY MATERIAL NOT FOUND IN SCRIPTURE?”

If this means that I am to go aside from the good old book and get material by which I may work up a quarrel with the scripture, I say no. I think that the Bible of all books can best stand upon its own merits; and the first thing that I should ask of any Sunday School teacher who has to teach a scripture story is to know the story straight from the Bible, and to know it well, and to imbibe its spirit, because I believe you will find there as great literary gems as the world has ever produced; if you will study the style of the story, and let the story tell itself, you will have a right means of choice entertainment as well as a means of impressing a moral lesson upon the child. But I take it that this does not mean that particular phase of the question. I think that this means, Shall I enrich my Bible knowledge by studying something else? Shall I bring to the Bible all the side lights that can be brought legitimately from history, from geography, from the customs of the people? If that is the mean-

ing, and I take it that it is, I say, most certainly we should use material not found in scripture. We want of the scripture story that it shall be something more than a fairy tale to the child. We are supposed to use the scripture story to make it a moving moral force for the betterment of the child, in order that it shall teach his heart, in order that it shall influence his life. It must reach his heart by being made realistic to him. We must not talk of Joseph as some little petted child away off in some far-off country, and make him mean not a real being. We must make him move within a real world, among a real people. We must show the trail that the old Ishmaelites traveled when they came to take him into Egypt. We must be with him as a real character. In order to do this, we must know the geography of the country, we must know the customs of these shepherd boys in ancient Palestine. All teachers can thus illuminate the pages of their stories and make them vital to the child, if they will read something outside of the scripture. The thing that makes against effective work today in our Sunday Schools is poverty-stricken preparation. Too many teachers fail even to read the bare story as it is told in the Bible: far more fail to go outside, that they may enrich their work. You cannot get rich results from a poverty-stricken preparation. Our libraries should be replete with such books, maps, pictures, and such other materials as will give the teacher a chance to get these side-lights of history, geography and other things necessary to illuminate the passages of scripture.

ASSISTANT GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT DAVID O. MCKAY.

"FIVE THINGS WHICH MAY CHARACTERIZE THE SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER."

First, implicit faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and a sincere desire to serve God. This condition of the soul will merit the companionship and guidance of the Holy Spirit. Second, unfeigned love for the children, guided by a determination to deal justly and impartially with every member of the class. Honor the child, and the child will honor you. Third, thorough preparation. The successful Sunday School teacher studies the child as well as the lesson. Fourth, cheerfulness, not forced, but natural cheerfulness, springing spontaneously from a hopeful soul. Fifth, power to act nobly.

If you want to be a teacher, just watch your acts and walk;
If you want to be a teacher, be careful how you talk.

ELDER HENRY H. ROLAPP.

"A LONGED-FOR TRINITY: PARENT, TEACHER AND CHILD."

Parenthood is the blessed God-given privilege of being the protector, the educator and the governor of the child during its years of weakness. If parents discharge their duties in love and justice, and with prayerful intelligence, their efforts become Godlike. But merely feeding the young, and protecting them from danger and suffering, is not fulfilling the duties of parenthood. Animals do as much. And to regard childhood as the result only of sexual union, or a will to prevent or destroy the opportunity of God's spirits to take earthly existence is not only brutal, it is devilry. Teaching is the voluntary devotion to molding and directing child character. If a teacher loves his profession only, he is apt to become a human iceberg which, in its top-heavy condition, is simply a sad

object of the child's awe and wonderment. If he loves the child only, he is in danger of being over-indulgent, and thereby detracts from the moral worth of both himself and the child. But if he loves both the child and his profession, he will almost invariably become the unconscious beacon light of the child's entire life career. The child is man's greatest moral blessing. Its training is sometimes annoying, occasionally disappointing, but always interesting, while the child is generally the helpless victim of the varied experiments of both parent and child and teacher. Yet the child stimulates everybody to effort, and unites all mankind in a common endeavor to prepare another soul for eternal bliss in the kingdom of heaven.

ELDER NATHAN T. PORTER.

"INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK."

In the work of God, I take it that you will agree with me, there is no such thing as impersonal responsibility. If there is one thing more than another that marks off the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Church of God from all other creeds and organizations, it is this matter of personal or individual responsibility. In respect to the great Sunday School work there can be no exception to the rule that obtains throughout the Church. We can consider, then, that our Father in heaven has opened at least one hundred and seventy thousand accounts. On one side of this individual ledger He has entered the covenant which marks the assumption of this undertaking to engage in Sunday School work. The other side is open to the entries that may be made marking the content that we turn in to our credit. This question of individual responsibility in the Sunday School work, as elsewhere, is something that is non-transferable. We may, in our dealings and relations with mankind, deceive as to our identity, in the transfer of rights and assets, and even of obligations; but this cannot be in Sunday School work. And so I say tonight, that if when the final balance is struck (which cannot be until our last breath is drawn) our account is without a deficit, or without a shortage, then we can say that our debt of individual responsibility has been discharged, and not till then. No mistake could be more deceiving in its nature than the one that we sometimes make in thinking that the individual responsibility of the Sunday School work begins at ten o'clock and ends at 12 o'clock. There is no greater misfortune that can come to the Sunday School worker than to deceive himself in thinking that he can put on the habiliments of a worker at the opening of the morning session of the Sabbath day, and throw them off as soon as the benediction of that session of the Sunday School has been concluded. It therefore behooves every Sunday School worker, before he would complain of the ineffectiveness of that work, or of the measure of its results, that he first put himself upon the judgment seat, and try himself, rendering up to himself his own accounts. To make this specific and concrete: If the prayer meeting which opens the morning service of the Sunday School is not strong and pregnant with the Spirit of God, if there is not the earnest and sincere desire to draw down that reinforcement of His Spirit, let the Sunday School worker ask himself the question, Have I contributed all my might, mind and strength to make that prayer powerful in an intercession to God for help this day? If the opening exercises are not marked by system and by order, let us put ourselves on trial, and ask ourselves the question, if we have contributed our portion to that order and to that decorum. If the administration of the sacrament seems to fall short of what it is intended to accomplish, let us bring ourselves before

the inquisitory, and find out whether or not we have roused up and used all our powers in bringing our mind and being into the place of sacrifice, where our soul must bow down in peace, and in gratitude before God for the great atonement that He has made. When, as teachers, we come into that group of children, and we find there is a deficit in the work we have accomplished with them, might it not be that we have failed to make that full preparation? Might it not be that we did not square ourselves with the five requisites that have been mentioned here tonight. We are too prone to ask the children to refer their lives back to the Saints of the past, when we well know that those children whom we stand before as exemplars will, in almost every instance, refer their lives to our own. It is a son of the "present;" it is a daughter of the "now;" and it is that living, breathing presence before the children that marks his success, or her success. When a teacher undertakes this work he assumes the position of leadership, and it means a life's preparation from its beginning to its end. It means that the mantle of teacher, of leader, of exemplar shall be wrapped about us every moment of our lives. It means faith in God. It means humility. It means prayerfulness. It means an incessant search for wisdom. It means that our whole soul must be filled with human sympathy and human kindness. It means that every hour and moment of our lives, there must be a prayer in earnestness before God for His assistance and for His providences, lest there be something in our lives that will reflect and cast shadows upon those groups of children we have essayed to lead.

May God help us, to be true to our undertaking, and may it be said of us, when this work is concluded, and when the balance is struck, that we are not delinquent as far as God has given us power to fill up the measure of our undertaking. That is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY SMITH.

Among the lessons that want to be learned by the Sabbath School children and the men and women such as have been drifting out of this building this evening, is good manners. Every man and woman that necessity has not driven from this house has offered an insult to every person who has been interested enough to keep his seat and listen to the instructions that have been given. I warn you now, it is a disregard of the rights of your fellows, and not one of us should indulge in it.

ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY.

We desire to express our appreciation of the services rendered tonight by those who have taken part, and particularly those who have furnished the musical part of the program, as well as the stake board of the Granite stake, who led us in the memory work; and also commend the body of Sunday School workers here in the main assembly who have kept their seats, and heartily approve, and ask every superintendent to take the lesson home to the schools, that President John Henry Smith has just given us in those appropriate and emphatic words of reproof to those who have disturbed this vast congregation.

I know that this vast assembly will unite with me in expressing our hope and our prayers for the speedy recovery of our Superintendent, President Joseph F. Smith, who, because of his recent illness, has been unable to meet with us tonight. He deemed it wise not to expose himself, and we pray that God will bless him and strengthen him, and may the united prayer of this assembly be efficacious in his behalf tonight.

DEPARTMENT WORK

Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

Our General Sunday School Conference.

Our space this month is given up to make room for the full report of the General Sunday School Conference held in the great Tabernacle, October 9th. We hope our Sunday School superintendents and all Sunday School workers will read the report of the proceedings carefully, as

many instructions of interest were imparted. Scores of people have stated that it was the best Sunday School conference they ever attended, and we are grateful to the Lord for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit manifested on that occasion. Sunday School workers may well be proud of our organization which now has within its fold over one hundred and seventy thousand souls.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER.

Mark 10: 14, 15.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR DECEMBER.

**"While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His Sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure."**

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Should Excused members be counted in the Sunday School statistics?

The roll should always show whether or not a pupil is excused. In the case of officers and teachers, a record of those excused should be kept. The annual report blanks contain a column showing the percentage of officers and teachers lawfully excused.

A full explanation of this item was published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for January, 1910.

Who should preside in Sunday school in the absence of all the members of the Superintendency?

The Board has ruled that when all the members of the Superintendency are knowingly absent from the school, they should appoint someone to take

charge; failing to do this the secretary should call the school to order and then the Senior male teacher of the Theological class who may be present should take charge of the school. Providing he holds the necessary

Priesthood, and the Bishop is absent, and there is no one present who has been appointed by him to attend to the matter, the senior teacher, under such conditions, should also attend to the administration of the Sacrament.

Librarians' Department.

Levi W. Richards, Chairman; John M. Mills, Howard R. Driggs.

Books for children from ten to fifteen years of age:

FOR GIRLS

Louisa M. Alcott: "Little Women"
 "Little Men"
 "An Old-Fashioned Girl"
 "Under the Lilacs"
 "Jo's Boys"
 Mrs. Molesworth: "Two Little Waifs"
 "Us"
 Lamb: "Tales from Shakespeare"
 Jacob Abbott: "Franconia Stories"
 Mrs. Burnett: "Sara Crewe"
 "Little Saint Elizabeth"
 Bunyan: "Pilgrim's Progress"
 George Eliot: "Silas Marner"
 "The Mill on the Floss"
 Fouque: "Undine"
 Blackmore: "Lorna Doone"
 Laura E. Richards: "Hildegard Series"
 J. M. Barrie: "The Little Minister"
 Kate D. Wiggin: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
 "New Chronicles of Rebecca"
 Jocelyn Lewis: "Adventures of Dorothy"
 Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward: "Gypsy Books" (4)
 Harriet Beecher Stowe: "Little Pussy Willow"
 Juliana Horatia Ewing: "Six to Sixteen"
 Mrs. Fairstar: "Memoirs of a London Doll"
 C. V. Jamison: "Toinette's Philip"
 Charlotte M. Yonge: "The Daisy Chain"
 "Pillars of the House"

FOR BOYS.

Lang, ed.: "Arabian Nights"
 J. Fenimore Cooper's Novels
 Stockton: "A Jolly Fellowship"
 Ouida: "The Nurnberg Stove"
 Edward Eggleston: "The Hoosier School-Boy"
 Du Chaillu: "The Land of the Midnight Sun"
 Hughes: "Tom Brown's School Days"
 R. H. Dana: "Two Years Before the Mast"

E. Thompson Seton: "Two Little Savages"
 Helen Nicolay: "Boy's Life of Lincoln"
 H. A. Vachell: "The Hill"
 E. E. Hale: "Stories of Adventure"
 "Boys' Heroes"
 Burroughs: "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers"
 "Birds and Bees"
 Stevenson: "Treasure Island"
 F. Marryat: "Masterman Ready"
 "The Swiss Family Robinson"
 Irving: "Rip Van Winkle"
 "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"
 J. Slooem: "Around the World in the Sloop 'Spray'"
 Bayard Taylor: "Boys of Other Countries"
 Thomas Nelson Page: "Two Little Confederates"
 Thomas A. Janvier: "Aztec Treasure House"
 Kingsley: "Westward Ho!"
 F. A. Merriam Bailey: "Birds Through an Opera Glass"
 G. H. Palmer's Translation of "The Odyssey"
 Church: "Three Greek Children"
 "The Young Macedonian"
 "Story of the Iliad"
 T. W. Knox: "The Travels of Marco Polo"
 Charles King: "Cadet Days"
 H. I. Hancock: "Life at West Point"
 Ernest Ingersoll: "Knocking Round the Rockies"
 Mary Mapes Dodge: "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates"
 Ralph Henry Barbour: "The Half-Back"
 "Behind the Line"
 W. O. Stoddard: "Life of Garfield"
 E. E. Hale: "The Man Without a Country"
 W. I. Abbot: "Blue Jackets of 1898"
 "Battle Fields of '61"
 John S. White: "Plutarch for Boys and Girls"
 Edmondo De Amicis: "Heart, a School-boy's Journal" (translated by Isabel Hapgood)
 Macaulay: "Lays of Ancient Rome"
 Lytton: "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings"

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

The Word of Wisdom.

Notwithstanding the almost universal use of stimulants and narcotics among civilized races, there are many thoughtful men today who, as a result of scientific study, warn young people against becoming addicted to the use of these things. The feeling of added strength that stimulants give has been shown to be illusory. The man who seeks refreshment in this way is like the man who mortgages his home to spend the money thus obtained in more comfortable living. It may give temporary relief, but what of the future? The fact that the scientific principles that support the revelation have, for the most part, been worked out since the revelation was given, is a powerful external evidence of its divinity.

From a purely worldly standpoint the "Word of Wisdom" is morally binding upon every normal individual from either of two points of view. From the standpoint of ethical individualism each man or woman is morally bound to seek the highest self-development. Such development forbids self-indulgence, or anything else that detracts from one's future possi-

bilities. Self-development calls for activity, stability, and conservation of energy. It permits no waste or dissipation. The individual who would attain the full measure of self-development cannot play the spendthrift.

From the standpoint of social ethics, because of the obligation of the individual to serve society he is bound to conserve all the energy, both mental and physical, with which nature has endowed him, that he may render the most effective service possible. When he spends his energy, it must be in this service, and that without waste. For him indulgence in stimulants is a double evil. It hinders him from rendering the greatest amount of service, and, at the same time, his example before the young is a stumbling block to them. Apart, therefore, from theological considerations the "Word of Wisdom" is fully vindicated. With this evidence, and with faith in the revealed word of God, no Latter-day Saint can afford to ignore the teachings of the revelation called the "Word of Wisdom."

We recommend for supplementary reading President David Starr Jordan's splendid address, "The Strength of Being Clean."

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Fourth Year.

LESSON 67.

This lesson is not difficult and the references not very extensive. With careful preparation on the part of the teacher it can easily be made interesting. We suggest again that the Bible be put to its proper use in the class. If the teachers will select short and interesting passages as the basis

of discussion and have them read in the class, it will add to the interest. The pupils can all have something to do and it will not be necessary for the teacher to do all the talking. It should be one of the general aims of our class work to familiarize the pupils with the Scripture. The only way we can do that is to get them to bring their Bibles to the class and use them under the direction of the teacher. A

lesson like this one lends itself admirably to this purpose.

LESSON 68.

This lesson also is simple and interesting. The texts referred to are quite complete and easily understood by those who have followed the history of Israel to this point. It will be well for the teachers to observe the suggestions made in connection with the preceding lesson.

LESSON 69.

To present in a single lesson the story of Esther, Queen of Persia, the teacher will necessarily have to be familiar with the whole book of Esther and pick out for recitation purposes the interesting and most relevant parts. The following short extract from a history of Israel may be suggestive and helpful to some:

"At this point may be appropriately mentioned a book of the Old Testament which, like the book of Daniel, throws some light on the position and aspirations of the more conspicuous Jews who were brought into contact with the court of Persia. The book

of Esther relates how the young Jewess, Esther, rose to be queen of Ahasuerus (Xerxes 485-465 B. C.), and how she succeeded at an important crisis in preventing the destruction of her compatriots. The book is probably to be regarded as a religious romance, the principal aim of which is to explain the origin of the feast of Purim. Like the story of Daniel, it may rest on a basis of historical fact, though the incidents in it have no direct bearing on the general course of Jewish history. The book, however, illustrates the capacity of the Jews for making their influence felt amid their heathen surroundings; it also reflects the fierce nationalistic temper which prevailed among them at the time when the book was probably written, i. e., soon after the downfall of the Persian empire (332). It has often been noticed that the name of God is not mentioned in the book, but it is nevertheless the product of an unshaken faith in the providence of God, overruling the destinies of His people, and raising up fitting instruments for their deliverance."—"A Short History of the Hebrews," by Ottley, p. 244.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Early Life in the Valley.

Our lessons for November in the fourth year's work treat on early life in the Valley (Utah). These lessons afford splendid opportunities for Thanksgiving stories and an explanation of Thanksgiving Day itself.

The first lesson for the month is devoted especially to the subject of the country as found by the Saints, its material growth, and then to the settlement of the valleys of the mountains. There are so many sources from which to draw stories for Thanksgiving that we do not attempt in the brief space

here to give such stories. We, however, desire to call particular attention to the country as it was found by the Pioneers, and as it developed under the blessing of our heavenly Father. The whole intermountain region west of the Rockies was known as the Great American desert. Before that time, some of the wisest American statesmen, including Daniel Webster, did not consider it worth the effort necessary to colonize it. But to the eye of faith, the country looked most beautiful.

The pioneers, as soon as they arrived in the valley, began to plow and

plant. William Carter, who subsequently removed to St. George, is given the honor of plowing the first furrow. Then, a day or two after pitching camp in the valley, a number of small patches of ground had been planted with potatoes and other seeds that had been brought on their dreary march across the great plains. While the land was thus considered a part of the great desert, the soil has proved among the most productive in the world. In the year 1890 the United States government offered a \$500.00 prize for the best yield of wheat on an acre of ground, and this prize was awarded for a crop of a little more than eighty bushels on an acre of land in what is known as Farmers Ward, Salt Lake County. The fruits and grain in these mountain valleys have also been famed for their delicious flavor and splendid quality. At the irrigation congress held in California a few years ago, Utah won the large silver cup awarded for the finest exhibit of peaches, and Mr. Burbank, who is considered foremost authority in the world on plant life, declared that for flavor and general excellence, the Utah peaches were without a peer. Thus the land has been blessed for the sake of its inhabitants, and we should all feel that our heavenly Father not only directed the Pioneers to this favored spot, but that if we will obey His laws and keep His commandments, He will make it what we hope it to be: a land of Zion unto the Saints and their children. Under careful tillage and with diligent effort on the part of the inhabitants, these valleys are capable of sup-

porting millions of people. The possibilities of the land are almost limitless and in climate, soil and location and in freedom from desolating plagues that threaten some of the other parts of the earth, this land is one unsurpassed as a desirable place for homes for the Saints. We should not forget, however, that to be truly happy, we must always be thankful to God for His great blessings and for the light of the Gospel. Let us not forget what happened to those who dwelt in the splendid valleys of the Holy Land. Before the days of our Savior, the land of Palestine supported a vast population in plenty and in abundance and happiness. But after they forgot the Lord and departed from His ways, and particularly after they rejected the Messiah, the country which had once been so blessed, fell under disfavor of the Almighty, and the land which was before described as "flowing with milk and honey" became a place desolate and occupied by bands of roving Bedouins.

Two of the lessons in the outline for November in the second year's work, treat of two of the Bible's most beautiful stories: Lesson 32, of the Book of Esther; Lesson 33, of the Book of Job. The Bible itself is the best source from whence to obtain these lessons. The Book of Job particularly is regarded as among the finest of the World's Literature. The teacher may profitably read and re-read this book and will find new beauties with every reading. Job's patience is without a parallel in any other book and his fidelity to God cannot be surpassed.

Primary and Kindergarten Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.

A Primary Class Recitation.

Visiting a certain primary class recently we were struck with the interest shown by the children, their ready re-

sponse to questions and apparent grasp of the lesson thought, and, liking the method of presenting the work by the teachers, we determined to visit it again and secure a nearly verbatim re-

port of the work done, believing it would be helpful to other teachers.

While we realize there is much truth in the saying, "The letter killeth," and that cold print is not well adapted to conveying the spirituality manifested in the giving of a scripture lesson, we print almost in full the work of that class, omitting, however, the numerous questions asked by the teacher for the purpose of ascertaining that the point of contact had been reached, the lesson picture made clear, in correlation to strengthen the story-aim, and to determine that the children were following the lesson understandingly.

We invite our teachers to note how helpful the custom of calling upon the children for an expression of a Sacrament thought in teaching them to think rightly during the administration of the Sacrament. How thorough the review of the previous lesson, with its application, and connecting it with the lesson for the day. Observe the appropriateness to the day's lesson of the songs and memory gems. Note how the point of contact is secured, how not simply for the story itself, but how vivid the lesson picture, how, while the story is interestingly told, yet it is made to develop the aim and give the child something for himself, and then how forcefully the application is made. The opening exercises, review of the previous lesson, the giving of the lesson for the day (interspersed with questions and answers), the brief preview of the next lesson, the songs and memory work, occupied the full class period, with no time for moral story—nor would we have cared for one to have been given lest the impression made by the scripture story should have been weakened rather than strengthened.

LESSON PERIOD IN A PRIMARY CLASS.

Singing—"I Think when I Read that Sweet Sory of Old"

Prayer.

Singing—"Little Ones, the Savior Loves You."

Sacrament Thoughts—Several volunteers were called on to give their sacrament thoughts. Many beautiful thoughts were expressed by the children.

Class repeat—"While of these emblems," etc.

REVIEW.

Jesus at His last supper.

What did the Feast of the Passover remind the Lord's people of?

Jesus kept the feast with His apostles. How did they find a room in which to keep it?

While at the feast what did Jesus do for His apostles?

Why did He do this?

What did Jesus say about one of His apostles?

How did Jesus know this?

Who was this apostle and what kind of a man was he?

What wicked thought had Judas expressed once before?

After Judas left, what did Jesus do that had never been done before?

What did Jesus tell His disciples to do after He had left them?

What do we call this ordinance?

What do we do in our church to remind us of Jesus' sacrifice?

What does the bread remind us of?

What does the water remind us of?

What should we do while the beautiful prayers are being said on the bread and the water?

What should we do while the sacrament is being passed?

How should our hearts be when we partake of the sacrament?

How should our hands be?

All hold up the hand you should use.

Who first administered the sacrament?

LESSON FOR TODAY.

Jesus Suffering in the Garden.

Have you ever been in a beautiful garden at night? A garden in the daytime is lovely—bubbling over with the sunshine. The flowers blush with

pleasure when kissed by the sun—birds and bees work and sing in the sparkling light. But how different at night! All is hushed and still. No merry songs of birds, no busy hum of bees, no smiling faces of the flowers. Only the sighs of the leaves murmuring in the tree-tops. Only the bright stars and the pale moon keeping watch over their slumbers! What a fitting place to go if we should feel sad or troubled!

About a distance of four blocks from the walls of Jerusalem was a garden of trees. It was called the Garden of Gethsemane. It was sacred because Jesus so often went there when He wanted to be alone and pray to His Father.

After Jesus had met with His apostles and had blessed the sacrament and they had sung a hymn of praise. He went out of the upper room with the eleven apostles—out into the night towards the garden. Jesus went there because he felt sad, oh, so sad and lonely! He knew of the suffering he would have to bear. He knew he was to offer himself as the biggest sacrifice ever made, and He wanted to talk with His heavenly Father.

When they reached the entrance to the garden, Jesus said to eight of the apostles, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." And He took Peter, James and John, the three apostles He loved to have near Him, farther into the garden. Then He said to them, "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me."

He went still farther into the garden, all alone with His Father, where not a sound disturbed the stillness. His soul was heavy with sorrow. His suffering He seemed unable to bear. He prayed from the depths of His heart, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." By "this cup" He meant His bitter sufferings that were soon to come. But while He prayed so earnestly, yet if His Father wanted Him to die to become the Savior of men, He was willing, so His next words were, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

He returned to the three apostles and found them fast asleep. He had asked them to watch, and there they were asleep! They did not realize what was going to happen to their dear Master, and they were so tired!

Jesus woke them and went away again. He prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt." (Here the teacher had pupils close their eyes and bow their heads while she repeated the prayer.)

On His return the apostles were again asleep.

The third time He left them and went farther into the garden. He prayed more earnestly until His sweat was as great drops of blood. He said the same prayer, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." (Here teacher had all close their eyes and bow their heads and repeat with teacher.) An angel came down from heaven and comforted Him.

When He had finished praying the third time He was perfectly willing to suffer in order to save us and all men. Not only was He willing but He was strong and brave—ready to meet cruel men, ready to suffer anything. Why was He so strong and brave? Because He knew it was His Father's will.

When Jesus returned this time to the apostles and found them asleep He said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand when the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

But Jesus was not afraid.

We all have missions to perform—not such big ones as Jesus had, nor do we have to suffer so much, but when we are in trouble or have hard tasks to do, don't you think our heavenly Father will help us in our little sorrows as He helped Jesus in His big one, if we are willing, as He was, to do our Father's will?

Jesus was obedient to every wish of

His Father. He was always willing to do anything, no matter how hard, if it was His Father's wish. We can show our obedience to our Father's will by heeding our parents' and teachers' words and doing everything the Lord says is right for us, and then when sorrow and trials come we will be strong and brave as Jesus was.

Thro' strict obedience Jesus won
The crown with glory rife.
"Thy will, oh God! not mine be done"
Adorned His mortal life.

Next week we will hear what the wicked Judas did.

Singing—"Little Children, Love the Savior."

Dismissal.

Kindergarten Department.

The Kindergarten lessons for December are the same as those of last year, and teachers are referred to the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* for December, 1909, for their material.

The Blue Laws.

The famous Blue Laws of Connecticut about which so much is heard, were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows:

The Governor and Magistrates conveyed in General Assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the Assembly no appeal shall be made.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman will swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for election or magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Every ratable person who refuses to

pay his portion to support the minister of the town or parish shall be fined five pounds and four shillings every quarter.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold or silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard, shall be prosecuted by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate three hundred pounds.

Whosoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of five pounds.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jews-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate shall join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine this point.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man who strikes his wife shall pay a fine of ten pounds.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents; five pounds penalty for the first offense, nineteen pounds for the second and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

A Group of Successful Lady Missionaries.

Of recent years our sisters have taken an active part in the missionary work of the Church, and much good has resulted from their labors. In many places, where these young ladies have lived, the influence of their pure and simple lives has been felt to a marked degree and much prejudice against the Latter-day Saints has been removed. We are much pleased to be able to present to our readers a splendid picture of a group of these sisters laboring in the Northern States mission.

Every girl on the picture has held offices in the various Sunday Schools to which she belonged, and has taken part in the Chicago Sunday School, helping to make it the success that it is. Reading from left to right the names are as follows:

First Row:

Sister Ruby Thornton of American Fork has labored in Rockford and Waukegan, Illinois, and is now laboring in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Sister Evelyn Harker of Cardston, Alberta, Canada, has labored in Rock Island several months and is now laboring in the mission office as stenographer.

Sister Janet M. Brighton of Salt Lake City has labored in Rock Island for the past ten months and is now laboring in Joliet, Illinois.

Sister Mary Smith Ellsworth of Lehi, has had charge of the mission house for the past six years.

Sister Rebecca Atkin of Tooele has been in the field only a month, which time has been spent in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Sister Mabel Southwick of Lehi has labored in the mission field six months, spending part of the time in the mission office. She has done missionary work in Waukegan, Illinois, and is now in Evansville, Ind.

Second Row:

Sister LaPriel Gardner of American Fork has been a missionary for the past ten months, laboring in Rockford and in Zion City, Illinois.

Sister Edith Hindley of American Fork has labored the past four months in Zion City and is now in Joliet, Illinois.

Sister Mamie Stallings of Provo has labored for seven months as stenographer in the mission office.

Sister Jane E. Nelson of Salt Lake City, has labored for the past twelve months in Rock Island, Illinois, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and is now in Evansville, Indiana.

Sister Zella V. Farrer of Provo has spent several months as stenographer in the mission office, has done missionary work in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and is now in Zion City.



SOME MISSIONARIES OF THE NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

Second Row, Reading Left to Right: La Priel Gardner, Edith Hindley, Mamie Stallings, Jane E. Nelson, Zella V. Farrer.
First Row: Ruby Thornton, Evelyn Harter, Janet M. Brighton, Mary Smith Ellsworth, Rebecca Akim, Mabel Southwick.



The Cottontail.

By Claude T. Barnes, M.S.P.R., M.A.O.U., M.B.S.W.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day."
—Bryant.

Every bush was mantled with snow and even leafless twigs were hung with sparkling pendants of ice; grass blades jingled their frozen stiffness where my feet trod; all nature was cold and dreary. Beneath its wall of ice a chilly waterfall gurgled, while footprints led beneath an overhanging bush at its side. I watched, I waited. Soon out hopped a cottontail, apparently the only habitant left in the woods.

Meek and timid in nature, the little cottontail rabbit is nevertheless one of the most interesting of our woodland friends.

Rabbits in general vary little among

themselves, but are, however, sharply separated from other species of the gnawing tribe. Popular observation readily distinguishes the rabbit's long hind legs, jumping gait, large ears and stumpy upturned tail; but only the few notice some of the other peculiarities.

The soles of a rabbit's feet are not bare like those of most rodents, but are covered with hair—a fact which accounts for the lack of sharp definition in their footprints. Behind the two big front teeth of the rabbit's upper jaw are another pair of small teeth, which do not reach far enough down to be of any use. Thus, again, rabbits differ from other rodents. These inservient molars are, however, interesting as they show that the ancestral rabbits of prehistoric days had four large front teeth instead of two. Rabbits, then, might be considered the evolutionary link between other mammals and the rest of the rodents which do not have these rudimental teeth.

Observing the rabbit further we find that the front leg bones are so consti-

tuted that they cannot be turned inward and used as hands when the animal is feeding. Thus a rabbit may reach high to nibble some tid bit, but its feet hang helpless during the process. In fact the rabbit does not use its front feet except when running and in manifesting anger by stamping.

Winter and summer, the cottontail follows well beaten paths but the goshawk (*accipiter striatulus*) has a habit of trailing the little bunny, walking in an unhawk-like manner in search of his victim. The hawk's object is to frighten the rabbit into the open where it can scarcely avoid capture.

Probably the reason why cottontails are prolific is that they have numerous enemies and must have large families to counteract the destruction. Thus the little bush dwellers rush to their burrows in cases of emergency, but a weasel, a skunk or a mink can follow them even there.

Briar grown berry patches, sage covered ravines, isolated clumps of bushes, whether on the roadside or on the mountain slope—these are the haunts of the cottontail. Creek bottoms and places of impenetrable foliage suit his fancy to a nicety; winter and summer, he thrives on a woodland only a few rods square.

The food of the cottontail is more varied in character than that of most other species, as it includes, in summer, fruit, grasses, vegetables and almost any herbaceous bit its fancy selects, and, in winter, dead grass, buds, the bark of poplar, willow, dwarf birch

trees and occasionally tamarac. Sometimes it eats white cedar and spruce leaves.

Young cottontails will drink milk, but the adult probably never drinks anything.

It is well known that a cottontail will lie up, under stress of bad weather, letting the snow drift over him. There he continues several days without eating and in a semi-torpid state, until aroused by some sign of brightness without.

When in extreme fear a cottontail will utter a shrill squeal, but seldom when in great pain. The female at times gives a soft plaintive call for her young, which they answer with subdued little squeaks.

A cottontail, like others of its race, always endeavors to escape notice by crouching motionless, allowing itself almost to be captured before it will move. As one stares at it, it will lie motionless except for the trembling of its whiskers and the movement of its breathing until one is on the point of grasping it, when it slips out and races away.

I have seen one sit in plain sight among the weeds of the roadside not more than ten yards away while several teams passed by, some of them followed by dogs.

Often in summer the young ones are met along the wooded pathway, their great black eyes and moving lips giving them an air of profound meditation.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life which God approves.—Dean Farrer.

Flowers All Winter.

PLANTING.

Bulbs may be planted in almost anything, from a tin can up, provided there is drainage. Shallow eight-inch lily-pans are the best. The ordinary five or six inch pots are good. Bulbs may be planted in boxes three inches deep (flats); saving a soap-box in two makes a good size. Before using old pots they should be washed thoroughly; new ones must be soaked in water.

If you are unfamiliar with soils, it is better to get some from a florist. Don't use horse-manure. A good potting soil for bulbs is one part each of leaf-mould, rotted sods, sand, loam. Put bits of crock in the bottom for drainage, throw over this a bit of sphagnum moss if you have it, then the soil. It is well to put a little sand under each bulb so that by no possibility manure will touch it. Don't press the bulbs down hard or screw them into the soil. Set them carefully on their sand cushions the proper distance apart and at such a depth that "noses" come within half an inch of the top of the pot. Fill with soil, shake to settle it well, water thoroughly, and put a label in each pot so that the earliest flowering sorts may be brought first from retirement.

ROOTING.

Now comes the period of root-growth. Gardeners try to imitate for the benefit of the bulb the outdoor conditions in October and November, when top-growth is checked because the surface of the ground is colder and root-growth encouraged since the greater warmth is below. Bulbs will make root-growth when stored in a dark closet, or a cool, dark, airy cellar (as far as possible from furnace heat), but to give them the very best conditions dig a trench a foot deep and as long and wide as you please.

Put in a three-inch layer of coal-ashes (for drainage and to deter worms). On this set the pots and boxes of bulbs as closely as they will stand, fill in and cover with soil mounded slightly to make the water run off. After the ground has frozen—not before—cover your cache with three or four inches of straw, leaves or salt hay, to prevent it from freezing so hard that you can't get at your bulbs.

Here they should stay eight weeks. They may stay as long as convenient, and if brought into the house at weekly intervals you can have a pot of bulbs in bloom from Christmastime until Easter.

FORCING.

The only way to know surely if bulbs are ready for forcing is to "knock out" one pot and see. Bring in the pots, as many as you like at a time, and put them in a room where there is plenty of light, but no artificial heat—a room next to a warm room is good. They should not go in direct sunlight. When the foliage is well grown they are ready for flowering. If bulbs are needed for a definite date they can be retarded by being kept in the cool room or hurried by being put in warmth perhaps a little sooner than they like.

FLOWERING BULBS IN WATER.

For this the usual hyacinth-glasses are the best; dark-colored ones should be bought, since roots love darkness rather than light. The water must barely touch the bulb. A few bits of charcoal will keep the water sweet, and if it gets low it should be filled without disturbing the roots. Keep in a dark, cool place until the roots have formed—this will take ten days or more; then bring into a light place until the stems and foliage are well up, then put into a window to flower. Hyacinth

cinths are more tender than daffodils or narcissuses and should be moved away from the window at night. Many bulbs can be flowered in water: the polyanthus-flowered narcissuses, Roman hyacinths, some of the early single tulips.

TO HAVE SPRING AT CHRISTMAS.

A simple but effective plan for insuring a wealth of blossoms at Christmas is as follows: About the end of October cut some branches of crab-apples, plums and cherries. Stand these in a jar of tepid water, adding warm—not hot—water whenever the jar needs replenishing. Be careful not to let freeze, and about Christmas the branches will be filled with blossoms. Crab-apple sprays are especially effective, as their blossoms last for weeks, are delightfully fragrant and of the most delicate coloring.

Bulbs for Christmas flowering must be planted at once; they should have been planted before. Plant only bulbs of one variety in a pot, or they may not bloom together.

CHINESE SACRED LILY. Place in a bowl of water, pile up pebbles about the bulb to hold it upright, tucking in bits of charcoal to keep the water sweet. Needs only a few days in the dark and blooms in thirty or forty days.

ROMAN HYACINTH. Put three bulbs in five-inch pots, seven in eight-inch bulb-pans. Needs about four weeks for roots, while best colored sorts bloom two or three weeks later. Blooms earlier if grown in water.

NARCISSUS. Paper-white, double Roman and Grand Soleil d'Or (single golden yellow), narcissuses. Put three to five bulbs in a five-inch pot. They may also be grown in water in hyacinth-glasses or in Chinese lily-bowls.

FREESIA. May be started into growth at once. Put six or eight bulbs in a four or five inch pot. Keep in

a cool place until wanted. *Refracta alba* the best variety.

BLOSSOMS FROM JANUARY UNTIL EASTER.

Roman hyacinths, paper-white narcissus and freesia may be depended on for January blooming.

MINIATURE HYACINTHS or "Dutch Romans" are small-sized bulbs of the ordinary Dutch hyacinth; they follow the "Romans," cost much less, and bloom from January until April.

NARCISSUSES. Plant the larger sorts three in a five-inch pot, the smaller—such as jonquils and bulbocodiums—five in a five-inch pot. Best for forcing are the Von Sion, double Roman, *Incomparabilis plenus*, *Incomparabilis alba stella*, Trumpet Major, Bicolor Empress, Emperor, *Poeticus ornatus*, *Barri conspicuus*, Golden Spur, Princeps. All the varieties of polyanthus, or bunch-flowered narcissus, are excellent for forcing.

HYACINTHS. Pot large bulbs singly in five-inch pots. If grown in pans use four-inch-deep ones for the Dutch hyacinths. Single varieties best for forcing.

TULIPS. Put three to five bulbs in a five-inch pot, covering with an inch of soil. Single varieties best; Duc van Thol sorts earliest, but they must be well-rooted before forcing.

SPANISH IRIS. Very lovely for forcing and very little used. Will bloom early in April. Treatment the same as for other bulbs.

EASTER LILIES. Get Japan-grown tubs in November for Easter forcing. Put one bulb in a five-inch pot, three or four in a ten-inch pot. Set them four inches deep, the soil barely covering the bulb; as the stalk comes up fill in about it until the pot is nearly full. For the best flowering keep cool and "bring on" slowly.

Mothers' Corner.

The True Woman.

The finest and most beautiful thing in the world is a true woman, whose charms and graces, refined by motherhood and set in common-sense, reveal their power in gentleness of voice, calmness of bearing and a spiritual reach beyond the understanding of the average being.

The very presence of such a woman is felt and valued, while their friendship is a treasure beyond reckoning in high worth.

For while the world is full of brave, sweet women, only rarely do we meet one in whom nature seems to have placed full confidence and in whom, we, too, may therefore repose full faith.

It may be that every good woman could merit this attitude did she desire it sufficiently. No man knows, for no man has yet lived who really understood woman.

Despite centuries of closest companionship, to man she is still a mystery, like the cause of being or the source of motion.

Yet it is happily given to nearly every man to know in the course of his lifetime, one or a few women who shine with a glory past description, and who must ever be ranked among the most vital of all forces for good.—
Lehigh Mitchell Hodges.

Aprons for Children.

Nothing so adds to the youthful appearance of a child as a pretty white apron. They are made in all styles and of all sorts of laundering material, but nothing exceeds the beauty of a simple white lawn.

Aprons are a great economy; they require but little material to make, yet they save the dress from spots and dirt which the most careful child will get on her clothes; then, again, they brighten a dress which has already lost some of its pristine beauty.

Don't insist on one child giving up to another unjustly, for the sake of keeping the peace. A bad-tempered child should not be encouraged by having the other children made to defer to him for fear of rousing his temper. Find out, if possible, the cause of the quarrel, and try to administer justice.

Don't fail to sympathize with a nervous child, and to take prompt measures to learn the cause. There always is one.

Mothers.

By Annic Malin.

*Who has not noticed the baby birds,
When first they take lessons in fly-
ing;
How the mother bird watches over
them
And helps them while they are try-
ing.
She thinks them the brightest under
the sun,
Though what they do countless others
have done—
But that is the way with mothers.*

*Did you ever notice the little kits
As a game of tag they are playing?
The mother watches each move they
make
And purrs as if she is saying,
"There never were such kittens as
mine,"
And her eyes with love and pleasure
shine—
It has always been so with mothers.*

*And so it is throughout the world,
The world of loving mothers;
Each one must love her own the best
Though often a sigh she smothers.
She breathes a blessing and breathes a
prayer,
Though her heart be happy or filled
with care—
It will always be so with mothers.*

Seed Thoughts for Boys.

THE BOY WITH A BUMP.

The medal in the high-school contest was won by Charley Fulton. He can turn handsprings like a clown, can skate and ride, and is the fastest runner in the village. And the other evening, down at the restaurant, he beat the crowd eating boiled eggs. Yes, and Charley can sing and is beginning to play the piano. He intends to join the band next fall.

Charley is bright, he learns easily, and has a quick, active body. He is enthusiastic and open-hearted, and almost every one likes him. Most of his friends expect to be proud of him some day, but some are uneasy.

There is a bump on Charley's head. The phrenologist says a bump just there indicates conceit. Perhaps he is right, but if that bump were high enough to indicate all of Charley's conceit, his hat would never get within a foot of his ears. But it is not the bump that makes Charley's friends uneasy.

Charley craves attention—he is fairly thirsty for it. He wants people to watch him and listen to him all the time, and above all, to marvel at him. In fact, he constantly tries to attract attention. He would much rather display his ability than use it.

Even this does not alarm his friends very much. They remember that once they, too, loved to be seen and heard and admired—probably do yet. It is natural for a boy to want to show people what he can do.

But there is one thing that makes his friends uneasy about Charley's future. It does not seem to matter to him what sort of attention he gets or how he gets it. Apparently he is just as pleased when people laugh at him for making a monkey of himself as he is when they cheer him for winning the high-school medal. He seems just as delighted with his record as an egg-eater as with his record as a runner. If

Charley cannot get a company of people to watch him in any other way, he turns himself into a clown, or "cut-up," and wins their attention, even if unfavorable. And he seems just as glad to be admired by loafers and semi-toughs as to be esteemed by people of worth and judgment.

Therein is his danger. He has not learned to discriminate between that interest and attention which means genuine honor and esteem, and the sort which may be given to a calf with two heads. He has not learned that the praise of one man may mean honor, and the praise of another dishonor—all depending on the sort of man and the reason for his praise. As yet he does not choose between the real and the seeming, the true and the false, the good and the bad.

Charley's great danger, unless he learns to discriminate, is in the natural human proneness to choose the easier. The only sort of attention and praise and honor worth while is that won by real ability developed and trained until it can do something well, and a genuine kindness of heart which makes one sympathetically helpful. This sort of attention is hard to win. It takes real worth and patient effort.

But the road to leadership among the careless, the worthless, the toughs, is much easier and shorter for a bright fellow like Charley. He can win their praise and get their following without much work or effort. And if he does not learn the danger of this sort of popularity, his friends fear his egotism will lead him to seek leadership among those on the wrong side of the danger-line. Such a thing would be his ruin.

It is barely possible that some of our readers have Charley Fulton bumps on their heads. It might be well to take a look and see if your bump is of that sort, or if it is one that desires only praise won in a worthy way.—W. H. Hamby in *The American Boy*.

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*Chicago Advance*.

THE SECRET OF RICHES.

A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he

said: "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day I must do that thing first, and in an hour. After this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever wait for something to turn up. You might as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow, with a pail between your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Do you know a boy who always wants his own way, who is interested only in himself, who never thinks of the comfort of anyone but himself? Do you think he is selfish? Do you like him?

SEEDS.

See the farmer scattering seeds:
Rain and sun will meet their needs.
All the shadow, all the light,
All the cooling dews of night,
Every loitering summer wind
Breathe a message sweet and kind.

Soon the laden grain will rise,
Grateful for the tender skies:
Nodding toward the clouds that pass,
Smiling neighbor to the grass:
Soon, oh, soon, the reaper stands,
Golden treasure in his hands.

We are also sowing seeds—
Thoughts that grow to words and deeds;
We must watch our fallow field
Lest a crop of weeds they yield;
Ripened character, like grain,
Gives a hundredfold in gain!

—By Glen Catherwood



EZRA'S MOTHER FINALLY LET HIM GO INTO THE ARMY."

The Little Fifer.

(A Thanksgiving Story of the Revolution.)

In the old Revolutionary times, there were few bands of music such as we have now. There were only the drum and the fife to quicken the steps of the marching soldiers or fire them to deeds of glory on the battlefield.

Some member of nearly every family among the colonists had gone to war. Therefore everybody was interested in it and thought of it nearly every hour of every day. All of the boys and many of the girls knew how to drum. If by chance they could get hold of a fife, new or old, they were delighted and learned to play it.

One winter day in 1777, when Ezra Burt was thirteen years old, his mother sent him to the attic to get something from a packing-trunk there. While he was searching, he found a long slender parcel, carefully tied with a ribbon. He felt of it. It was surely a fife. He rushed eagerly with it to his mother.

"Here's a fife!" he cried. "Can't I have it to play on?"

The tears came to his mother's eyes.

"Your Uncle Paul had that fife in his hand when he was killed at the

battle of Bunker Hill," she said in a low voice.

"But I won't hurt it," pleaded Ezra gently.

"My boy, I thought I would keep it and never let anybody touch it," said Ezra's mother, brushing away her tears.

"But I do so want to learn to play on a fife!" begged Ezra. "And maybe if I learn to play very well, I may play in a battle, too. The men say the war is going to last ever so many years more."

"Oh, I hope not, Ezra!" cried Mrs. Burt with a shudder.

"But you would want me to go to the war, mother, if they needed me," pleaded Ezra.

"Ye-es," assented Mrs. Burt slowly. She was a very patriotic woman.

"Then do let me learn to play on Uncle Paul's fife. I'll never forget that it was Uncle Paul's," the boy whispered. "And I'll be careful of it. Goodman Bodley will teach me how to use it."

So Ezra learned how to play the fife. He remembered his Uncle Paul well. He had been a handsome and winning young man. The thought that the fife had been his Uncle Paul's never did leave Ezra's mind. His mother's heart was touched by the tenderness with which he handled that sacred fife.

By the end of the first year Ezra, boyish as he was, could play as well as any fifer in the army. He practiced early and late. When there was to be any sort of a celebration, the people would say, "Get little Ezra Burt to play his fife, and that will please everybody!"

The story of the instrument itself lent a touch of romance to his performance. One would whisper to another while they were listening to him, "That fife was in the hands of his Uncle Paul when he was killed at Bunker Hill." Ezra sometimes told the men, when they praised him, that the thought of his uncle's heroic death

would often come to him when he was playing and seem to make him play better. You can see how it might be so, can't you?

When Ezra was fifteen, an urgent call came for more men for the army. Especially, musicians were wanted. Several men from Ezra's native village went to Mrs. Burt (who was a widow) and begged that he might go.

"We should be very proud to have the best fifer in the army—for nobody can beat him," they said. "And if you will let him go, we promise you we will all take care of him."

So Ezra's mother finally let him go.

During the following spring, many weary marches were made by Ezra's company, but when their little fifer's legs were tired, the men would lift him on their shoulders and carry him mile after mile. Then he would blow shrill lively tunes to give them heart and courage.

There were several small engagements that spring. They frightened Ezra as you would expect; but he learned to keep calm outwardly. He learned, too, that his music was a help in calming and steadying the soldiers, and he said to himself, "I will keep on playing, no matter how the bullets whiz around me! So long as I play, the men will stay by the guns. It is really more important for *me* to be brave than it is for anybody else."

At last, Ezra was in a big battle. It was when General Wayne took Stony Point in the July of 1779. The men waded silently through a big marsh, in order to surprise the garrison. Several of them took turns in carrying Ezra on their shoulders.

They had come quite near to the fortress before they were discovered. Then the enemy began to fire upon them. General Wayne was afraid there might be a panic and a retreat—but no!—the men plunged right forward—and loud through the darkness shrilled the strains of little Ezra's fife. He played the bravest tunes that he knew. Many of the soldiers said afterward that they never could have

held out on the march if they had not been supported by Ezra's music. You all know how triumphantly Stony Point was taken.

But, alas! the little fifer himself was dangerously wounded. One ball cut off a piece of his chin and ploughed through his shoulder. Another passed through both of his legs just above his knees.

At first, it was thought that Ezra could not live. His mother never knew this. The next day things looked more hopeful.

"Oh, if we could only get him home

Months passed, and little by little Ezra grew stronger.

"Oh, if I can but get well enough to eat Thanksgiving dinner with you all!" he often said to his mother.

It happened that several of the soldiers came home on furloughs about Thanksgiving time. They all, everyone, came to see Ezra Burt.

"We hope he is going to be able to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us," Mrs. Burt told them joyfully.

Then the men got together and talked things over.

"Let's give Ezra a regular good



THE TEARS COURSED DOWN EZRA'S CHEEKS AS HE THANKED THEM ALL.

to his mother," said the surgeon, "maybe good nursing might save him!"

In those days, traveling was slow and entirely by wagon. At last, the commanding officer detailed three men to take the little fifer home. He was put on a mattress in a long army wagon and after many days he was lying in his own bed at home. You can imagine how his mother thanked the soldiers who brought him to her.

time for Thanksgiving," they said one to another.

The wife of one of the soldiers told Mrs. Burt that she need not prepare any dinner for the great day. Thanksgiving Day was a very great day in New England.

"Don't say anything to Ezra," the woman said. "Only just see that he is as strong and well as possible.

So with Thanksgiving morning came the soldiers and their families,

and many others of the neighbors, laden with the turkeys and the potatoes and the squash and turnip and plum pudding for a grand dinner. Wrapped in warm quilts, Ezra was borne into the great kitchen which was also the dining-room.

"It's all for you, Ezra!" cried one of the men, as he displayed the plentiful feast. "We're as proud of you as your mother is, and just as thankful, too, as she is, that you are getting better! You are as brave a man as there is in the army, even if you are only a boy."

The tears coursed down Ezra's cheeks, as he thanked them.

"I wish I could do something to show you how I like all this," he stammered. "Mother, would it hurt me to play the men just one of the old tunes?"

"Just one, perhaps not, just one," she told him.

So Ezra mustered all his "wind" and played the piece with which he had been cheering them on the moment before the cruel bullet struck him at Stony Point.

You can imagine how the soldiers applauded him!

Ezra lived to be an old man, an old pensioner, of whom the country was proud, and he often told his children and grandchildren of this fine Thanksgiving dinner.

"It was," he always said, "by far the very best dinner that ever I had! The grandest occasion of my whole life!"

Well, Ezra had earned it at Stony Point.—*Kate Upton Clark.*

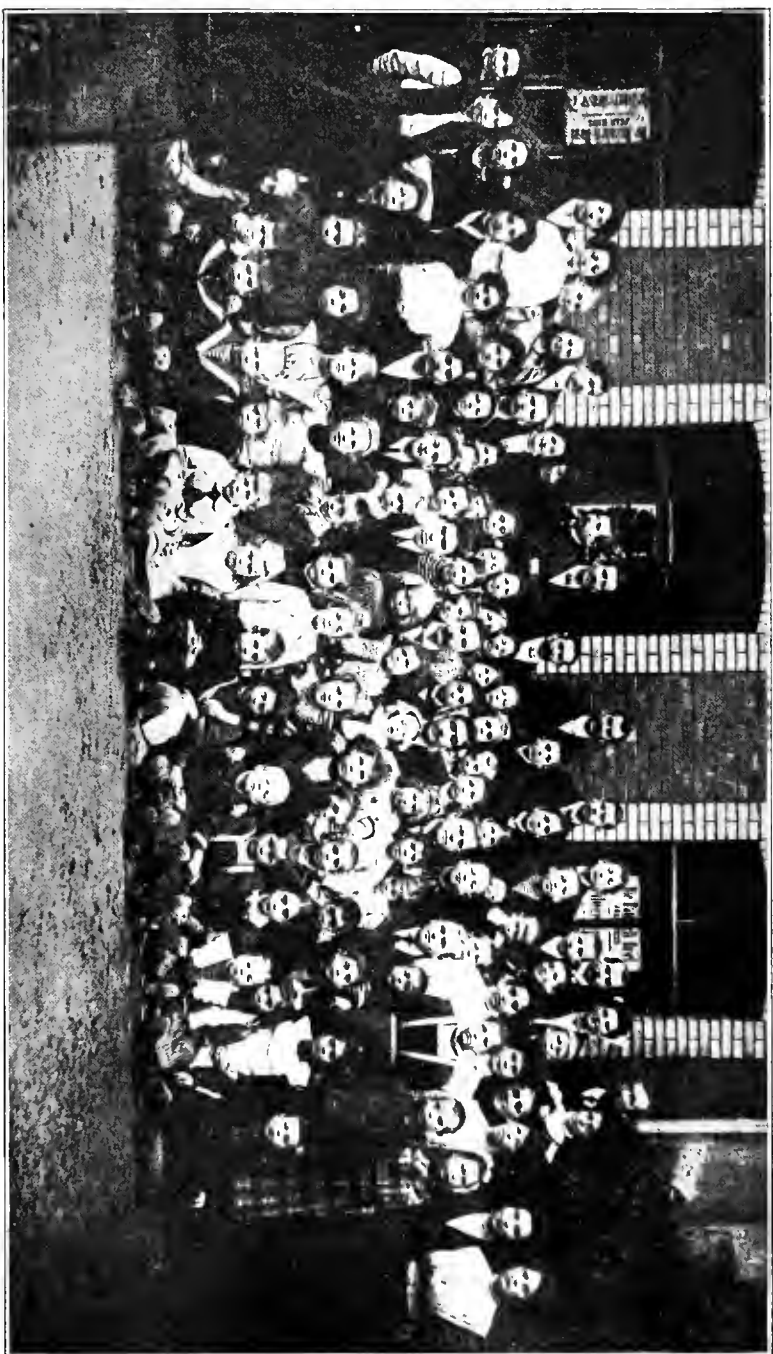
WINTER'S APPROACH.

By Sarah M. Williams.

The Autumn leaves are falling fast
 Beneath the old oak tree;
 The squirrels and chipmunks chattering
 As happy as can be;
 Because they worked in Summer days
 To make their Winter store,
 To keep them safe from wind and storm,
 And Winter, cold and hoar.

The birds sing now their farewell songs
 Before they southward fly;
 The bees have ceased to seek the flowers,
 Their honey to supply;
 The lambkins safe in shelter rest;
 The flowers nod their heads;
 All Nature whispers sleepily,
 "King Winter makes our beds."

Then Winter sends his snowflakes down
 They come with fairy feet,
 And make no noise as o'er the flowers
 They spread their blankets neat.
 The wind may howl or whistle, or
 May whisper low and deep.
 There's not one cares, for safe and sound
 They've cuddled down to sleep.



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE BASEL BRANCH, BASEL, SWITZERLAND.

Robby's Thanksgiving.

It was Thanksgiving morning and Robby was swinging on the gate and talking to Rosalind who lived next door. Rosalind looked like a little snow-girl in her white hood and coat and leggings and mittens, and she gazed admiringly at Robby who was not even wearing his cap.

"Aren't you cold, Robby?" she asked.

"'Course not; boys never are. Only girls and teeny-weeny babies have to be all wrapped up to keep warm."

Rosalind hastily changed the subject. "We're going to have chicken for dinner, fried—with cream gravy, and ice cream."

"Pooh! We're going to have turkey stuffed with extraordinary oyster dressing, and brown gravy, and sweet potatoes, and white potatoes, and onions, and macaroons, and spiced peaches, and cranberry jelly, and 'sturtium pickles, and olives, and plum pudding, and—and—oh, yes—,—and mince pie and apple pie, and pumpkin pie, and cheese, and nuts, and raisins, and little bottles of grape juice," said Robby confidently, believing all he said, for he was only seven and was remembering almost all the Thanksgivings of his short life.

"My!" said Rosalind, "and only you and your mother to eat all that. Are you sure?"

"Sure! We always do, and we'll save some for papa to eat tomorrow. He can't get home until tomorrow."

"Robby, come to dinner," called his mother from the door, and Robby marched proudly in to the expected feast.

He sat down at the table, and presently his mama brought him a plate of steaming hot oyster soup. It did look good, and Robby was hungry, but he said:

"Oh, mama! aren't we going to have turkey and things?"

"No, just this nice hot soup today. We are all alone, you know, and must be satisfied with just a little dinner."

Robby pushed his dish away with a frown.

"I don't want any old hot soup," he said.

"Robby dear!"

"I don't! I want a real Thanksgiving dinner on Thanksgiving."

Mama said no more, but ate her soup and a part of the dainty little pudding that Mary brought in from the kitchen, but Robby sat and frowned and did not touch a mouthful of his dinner.



"AREN'T YOU COLD, ROBBY?"

When his mother had finished he slipped into the hall and got his cap and went out to swing on the gate. He looked up and down the country road, and watched the smoke coming from the chimneys, and he felt very sad and very sure that everybody but himself in all the world had had turkey and was happy. Presently, he said to himself:

"I'll run away to grandma's. She *always* likes me, and gives me cookies out of the blue jar, and I 'spect she'll

give me turkey and pie and whole pockets full of nuts and raisins."

Off he started, and as he walked the first mile or two he was very happy and whistled and ran, then suddenly the whole sky was gray with clouds and an icy flake fell on Robby's nose. He grew colder and hungrier than ever, and he began to think that it was a long journey to his grandmother's.

A wind sprang up and nipped his nose and toes and fingers, but he toiled on and on, up and down the hills.

Finally, just as he reached the top of the highest hill of all, he stumbled over a big stone and fell flat on his face. He lay quite still and thought, "I'm too tired and cold and hungry to walk another step. I'll just have to lie here and die." Then he lifted his head and right in the hollow below him was his grandmother's cheerful

The door opened and somebody picked him up and carried him in where a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and his grandmother was sitting before it knitting something of scarlet wool.

"Here's a stray lamb, mother," said Robby's Uncle Alec, setting Robby down on the rug. He was so cold that he fell down again, and his grandmother lifted him on her lap and said:

"Why, Robby! six miles from home, and no overcoat or mittens. What can be the matter?"

"I was bad, and wanted turkey, and scolded—and my feet won't go, and my hands are all burning ices, and—and—*I want mama!*" he sobbed.

"Bless the child! Alec, hitch up, and we'll go straight home with him. It is getting darker and cooler every minute, and this snow is going to be a deep one."

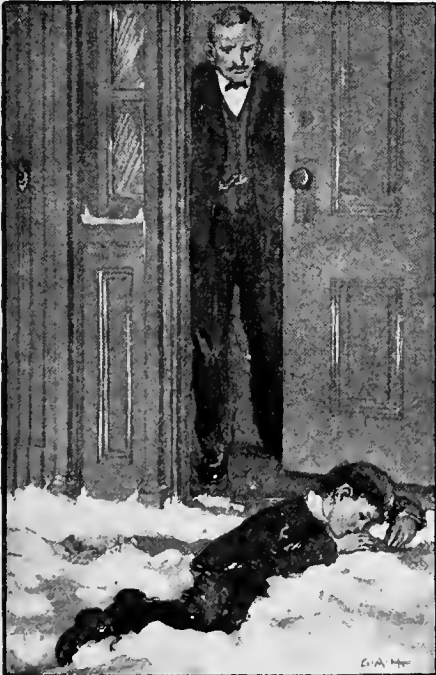
After grandma had rubbed Robby's hands and feet and wrapped him in blankets he stopped shivering, and she told him that she would bring him something to eat.

"No! No!" he cried, and then he hid his face so that grandma might not see how red it was, for he was afraid that she would bring him turkey and pie and nuts and raisins, and he was so ashamed that he thought they would surely choke him.

When the horse was ready, grandma put a warm fur hood on Robby's head, and wrapped him in so many blankets that he could not move, and then he was taken out to the sleigh and grandma held him in her lap while Uncle Alec drove.

Robby saw that the snow was falling so fast that it looked like a thick white curtain, and he listened to the jingle, jingle of the bells and thought how warm he was and how dark it was growing and how fast the sleigh slid over the snow, and then he was glad that Rosalind could not see him—a great boy wrapped up, with a hood on, in his grandma's lap, and then he didn't think anything more for he was asleep.

When he woke he was in grandma's



HE FELL AT THE FRONT DOOR.

red house, with its shining windows and smoking chimneys.

He got up and ran and stumbled down the hill and up the drive, and fell in a little heap at the front door.



HOW GOOD THEY DID LOOK AND HOW HUNGRY ROBBY WAS.

lap in the bright dining-room at home, and his mother sat by the table stoning raisins.

Grandma had told the story of Robby's journey before he wakened, and now she said, as she unrolled him from his blankets:

"This boy is hungry; some good hot soup would be the very best thing for him."

Then Robby found himself set down at his place at the table, and before him was a great steaming dish of oyster broth and a plate of rich crackers. How good they did look, and how hungry Robby was! He looked to see if his mother was looking, but she was talking away busily to grandma, and in a few minutes the hot soup was eaten, and Robby felt very strong and brave.

"I think I was a pretty mean boy, mama, but I'd like to do something extraordinary hard for you now," he said, going to his mother's side.

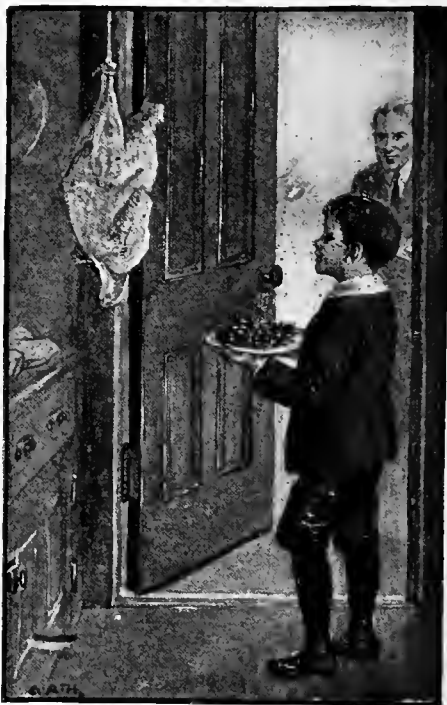
"Well," she said, "you may go and help your father prepare for our Thanksgiving tomorrow, for Rosalind is coming to dinner and there is a great deal to do."

"Papa! is he here?" shouted Robby, and ran to the kitchen as fast as he could go.

Papa didn't say a word about Robby's naughtiness, and there was so much to do that Robby soon forgot it himself. Nuts to crack, and candy to pack in darling little boxes (the prettiest of all for Rosalind), and great

bunches of raisins to be tied with bright ribbons, and pyramids of grapes and oranges and apples to arrange.

When Robby had to go into the



"HO, MR. TURKEY."

pantry for something, there hung a great yellow-legged turkey, and Robby said to it, "Ho, Mr. Turkey! I didn't know you were here. I'm sorry I was a bad boy, but I'm not now, so I believe I can have a piece of you tomorrow."—*A. L. Sikes.*

What She Could.

"What makes thee so bright and happy, my Victorine? That little face of thine is glowing all over."

"Is it, Elsie? Well, there is reason enough for that."

"How so?" questioned the elder girl, looking up from her knitting again, with a smile.

"I will tell thee, dear, as thou knowest I tell thee everything," replied Victorine. "That old lodger of ours who came two days ago turns out to be an artist."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Elsie, "there be many, both young and old, who come hither to paint the beautiful hills and woods of our country."

"But," interrupted Victorine, "this one wants to paint *me*. Only think! Poor little me—in the foreground of his picture; and when it is finished, I am to have ten francs. Yes, actually ten francs to spend as I choose."

"And how wilt thou choose, little one?"

"Thou knowest, Elsie, the old Jew who keeps the second-hand trinket shop in the Market Street?"

"Yes, I know him; he has a long beard, and eyes like a hawk."

"His eyes can be very kind sometimes," said Victorine. "But as for what I shall choose—there is no doubt. I have long been sighing for an amber necklace that hangs in old Abraham's window, and the price marked on it is just ten francs; and now I can buy it."

Victorine looked eagerly into her friend's face, but Elsie's head was bent over her knitting again. The little girl went on. "Perhaps my artist will paint thee too, then thou also wilt have thy ten francs."

"Paint me?" said Elsie, with a smile half comic, half sad. "Nay, child, I am too ugly to put into a picture; artists have little use for snub noses, and clumsy hands, and ears like the handles of cooking-pots. But I must not waste more time talking," she added, "for poor old widow Brune is waiting for

me to prepare the supper, and tidy up the cottage before her son comes home from his work."

"Thou thinkest ever of others, Elsie," said Victorine; "and the widow Brune is such a cross old pig, that it is no pleasure to do anything for her."

"Still, dear, we are all bound to do what we can for one another," replied Elsie, "for His sake—thou knowest, Victorine—who, in the long ago, did so much for us; yes—and is doing so much still."

As Victorine walked homeward, her friend's words seemed to ring in her ears.

"*Bound to do what we can for one another, for His sake,*" she repeated to herself. She knew that Elsie—the only child of a crippled father, and a mother, who though far from strong, worked hard for her daily bread—was ever striving to help all with whom she came in contact. Too poor to give money or food, she would get up at four o'clock to dig in a cottage garden, to plant potatoes for some helpless old body, or collect fire-wood in the forest for those who could not go out to get it for themselves. She would often knit a new foot to an old stocking, or fill the water-cans from the spring, so that before her parents needed her services in the morning, she had often been at work for hours, giving of her best for the Master's service.

"I wish I were as good as Elsie!" sighed Victorine, thinking of her friend's life of cheerful self-denial. "She would never have thought of that amber necklace. Perhaps she would have bought a new pair of crutches for her father, and a Sunday gown for her mother, or an arm-chair for them to rest in. We are not so poor as Elsie, yet she does more for others than I do."

And the girl's bright face grew very thoughtful as she trudged homeward.

The friends did not meet again for some little time, for Elsie was kept

busy at home, her father having an acute attack of rheumatism, and her mother needing help with her laundry work.

But one evening when the girl was hanging clothes out on the line behind the fence, she heard her name called, and, going to the gate, found Victorine.

"Well, dear heart," she said, smiling, and kissing her little friend—French fashion—on both her brown cheeks, "and how goes the painting?"

"It is quite finished," replied Victorine.

"And thy ten francs?"

"Have been paid."

"Ah, so? Then where is thy amber necklace?"

"My necklace?" laughed Victorine, her dark eyes dancing; "why, it is coming up the hill. Look, thou canst see it!" And she pointed down the road, where the old man was wheeling a truck, upon which was something rather bulky, covered with matting.

"A queer necklace, is it not?" cried Victorine; "it will arrive directly, if old Jean goes not to sleep on the way. But tell me now, Elsie, how is thy father?"

"Full of pain, very helpless; he cannot walk with sticks any longer; he needs greater support."

"And thy mother."

"Ah, my poor, dear mother is weary, weary. She cannot rest even in bed; all our furniture is so straight and so hard."

Just then Jean and his truck reached the gate, and Victorine stood by while he took off a long narrow parcel, carefully wrapt round.

"Take this into the house and look at it, Elsie," said the little girl; "it is a part of my amber necklace."

Elsie, speechless with surprise, did as she was told, and went into the cottage, followed by Jean and Victorine, carrying a comfortable old arm-chair, which they set down in the kitchen.

"Elsie, thou good angel," said Victorine, her dark eyes full of glad tears and smiles together, "thine example hath taught me a lesson that methinks I sorely needed to learn. And thou who art continually helping others, wilt understand my joy this day. My necklace is, as thou seest, a pair of crutches for thy father, and an arm-chair for thy mother; and I am happier in their and thy happiness than a thousand necklaces could have made me; for, dearest, for the sake of Him whom thou servest, and for thy sake, too—whom I love—I have tried to overcome my great selfishness, and, like the poor woman of the Testament, *I have done what I could.*"—Selected.

Honey in Church.

Honey liked nothing better than going to church, and, I must say, she behaved beautifully for such a little bit of a three-year-old girl. Sometimes, to be sure, she would go to sleep during the sermon, but would always wake up in time for the music; and, then, she liked to have the ladies notice her after church. Sometimes they gave her candy, and Honey thought that was the very best of all.

Once there came a rainy Sunday and Honey's parents made no preparations

for church. Instead, they went out on the porch with something to read.

"Honey wants to go to church," said the little one.

"Not today," said her papa, "Honey would get all wet."

"Honey wants to go to church," she repeated.

"Don't you see papa and mamma are not going?" said her mother.

The little one went into the house, climbed up into a chair and surveyed herself in a glass.

"I'se all yite," she said, hunting up her bonnet and tying it on wrong side before. Then she found an old umbrella, slit up between every wire, and started out. Her father and mother were on the back porch, so that she was not afraid of being seen by them.

When it became very quiet in the house, however, her mamma tip-toed to the front door and looked out.

There was Honey going down the street, through the pouring rain. The church was not far away, and she was almost there.

With a bound, her mamma sprang out into the rain and ran after her.

The child heard her and hastened her footsteps. Her mamma was too late. Without putting her umbrella down, Honey was creating quite a sensation as she marched up the aisle.

Honey's mamma was too mortified and too full of laughter to follow. She just stood outside of the door, the rain pelting down on her bare head, and listened.

She heard a breeze and a ripple, then a giggle and suppressed laughter. What next? It was the preacher, and he was saying:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and then she peeped in to see that Honey had gone right up into the pulpit, bowing and smiling at the preacher who was just in the middle of his discourse.

Could Honey's mamma believe her senses? The preacher was closing the little one's umbrella; he took off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and then, with a hearty kiss, sat her down on the sofa behind him.

Honey's mamma waited for no more. She hurried home and told her husband almost breathlessly about it, and then both of them dressed hurriedly and went to church, slipping quietly into a back seat.

The preacher saw them, however, and after the benediction, he took Honey by the hand and led her down to her parents, saying, with a smile, "And a little child shall lead them."

Honey's papa and mamma would have given her a scolding, perhaps, but for these words. Instead, they always went to church after that and took Honey with them, rain or shine.—Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in "Little Folks."

The First Snow Storm.

By Ivy Houtz.

*Nurse Emma told me to dress and go
Out with her to watch it snow.
So I hurried from my little bed,
Stepped on dolly and bumped my head,
Doggie came to my feet to play
But I sent both him and kit away;
Told them it must be nice to know
All about the falling snow*

*For I was where skies are clear
And flowers blossom all the year.
The bright sun throws his golden ray
Round about us every day
Through all the months, our frocks are
white
Laces soft and colors bright,
But here earth hides her mantle green
Beneath a white dress nice and clean.*

*The flowers' feet are tucked from sight
Under a cover pure and white,
I don't suppose they scold or fret
Because their dresses are getting wet:
Nor do they cry, for under there
They lie and rest and have no care.
They sweetly dream of days to come,
When the sun awakes them, one by one.*

*Nurse Emma tells me every day
What fun the snow-flakes have at play.
And I think when lying in my bed
The blankets are what nursie said,
Coverings white for little flowers
That grow and-bloom in household
bowers.
And with Mother's love and dear
Lord's care,
We may be as pure as the flowers fair.*

Little Stories for Little Children.

THE WISH OF A LEAF.

"Ah, Mother," sighed a little leaf, "how I wish I could travel and see something of the big world; especially would I like to see the canyon and the river that these children, playing here on the grassy ditch bank, are forever talking about, that wonderful river where they fish and swim and row a boat. How I wish I could fly away and see it all."

"Is that the best wish you can make, just for something that will give pleasure to yourself?" smiled the wise old mother-tree. "Some day you will discover, I believe, that that which is only for your pleasure is very unsatisfying, but that when you can give pleasure, help or comfort to some one else the true joy of your existence will be realized."

"How strange that seems," said the care-free little Leaf, who had sung away the long summer days and wished only to travel and amuse herself; but she asked to hear more of this new way of enjoyment.

Her mother explained it to her as well as she could and then said:

"Now, be cheerful and always have a bright smile and when you are old enough to exchange your green gown for a handsome ball-dress of gold, perhaps Mr. North Wind will choose you for one of his partners for the "Big Autumn Dance of the Leaves," which is soon to begin."

"Oh, how delightful that will be," cried the Leaf, and after that she could think of nothing but the coming festivity.

One dull grey morning she awoke to find herself arrayed in a gorgeous gold-shaded garment of rare beauty and she was full of wonder and excitement.

"Are the festivities about to begin," asked the new belle of her mother, "and do you think Mr. North Wind will choose me?"

The old mother-tree began to nod her head gracefully, murmuring: "Listen, I think I hear him now."

There was a soft low moan, followed by a strange whirring sound that grew louder and louder, until it was like great waters rushing.

There was a long whistle and a loud whew—amid which the little Leaf heard her name uttered and there was Mr. North Wind, bowing and skipping and laughing before her. Suddenly she let go of the old familiar limb and away she went with her dashing partner.

"Ah, how wonderful is everything," she cried, as they danced and whirled over the city.

The little Leaf noted the homes and the schools and the children and the church-spires, all of which they soon left behind to enter the enchanting canyon.

At that moment a new partner seized her in a fantastic movement. It was Mr. Whirlwind.

"Promenade all and swing on the corner!" cried the little Leaf, gaily, as she flew wildly round and round, and whirled until she was dizzy.

All at once she spied the river for which she had so often yearned, and after gazing at it, charmed for a few minutes, she glanced up to find that her fickle knights had both deserted her. Thus left alone she wafted down, down until she fell upon the broad bosom of the beautiful water, and there, in an ecstasy of enjoyment she floated away towards the lake.

But as she drifted mile after mile, as she grew older, seeing many sights and feeling many strange feelings she began to long to help some one else enjoy life also. Just then from the shore she heard a sad, lone cry. Her heart being ripe for a good deed, she swung herself from the waters to see who called.

The sound came from a tiny orphaned grass-blade.

"Oh, I am so cold and frightened," sobbed the grass-baby.

"You poor little meadow-child," said the Leaf, "fear no more. I will mother you, I will warm you," and reckless of the welfare of her sun-colored finery she spread it tenderly over her new-found charge, and her heart swelled with pride and pleasure as the little grass-blade, soothed and smiling, nestled closer and closer to her, and she enveloped it in her loving arms.

"Ah!" murmured the Leaf, filled with a great content, "now I realize the truth of my mother's words, for caring for this little stray is the greatest joy I have ever known, and I am so thankful that I had this opportunity. Indeed this must be my Thanksgiving Day, that the children talk so much about," she laughed, pressing the waif to her breast. And do you know it really was Thanksgiving Day.

And the last that the little Leaf knew she was contentedly watching other leaves and winds dancing and whirling above her, she was listening to the whisperings of the water beside her: then, thrilled by the fresh, cool kiss of Fall she went to sleep.—
Ida S. Peay.

TOM'S LESSON.

"Go and get it! Go and get it, I say!"

Poor little Dash crept close to his master's feet, looking up into his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say, "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him one. He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank and crawled to his master's

feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him and a man's voice said, "Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how you like to swim."

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath as the stranger lifted him in his stout arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg. "Oh, sir, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Oh, don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again."

The man paused but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he; "but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you, as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised and the stranger at last let him go saying: "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, when He created it, did not make it to do, or to be what He did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good-bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, had been given in kindness.

THE BUSY BEE.

I would be like the Busy Bee,

In all but this one thing:

That aught that I may say or do

May never leave a sting!

—*Mildred Merle.*

LITTLE SCISSOR-STORIES



"THIS is a Basket," said Cousin Kate, snipping and clipping with her clever

scissors. "It was a pretty little basket with a lid and a handle, and it stood

with the great big basket and the middle-sized basket on the bench in the

at Grandma Goodheart's. But the basket was empty, and baskets are made to hold things. The great big

basket had held sticks of butter, and the middle-sized basket had held ears of corn, but the little

basket had never held anything at all. 'Wait!' said the great big basket. 'Your turn will come!'

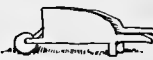
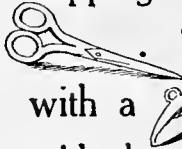
Just then the big door opened, and in came Grandma Goodheart, with Lenny and Benny and Jenny, all tripping and skipping for joy.

They climbed up on the piles of sweet potatoes, and peeped in every barrel and box, and

then they spied the three baskets on the bench. 'Listen!' said Grandma





Goodheart. 'My lawn needs to be raked. If you, Lenny and Benny and Jenny, will rake all the



leaves off my lawn, and put them in the big basket for Peter




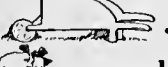



LITTLE SCISSOR-STORIES

to carry away, I will give you each a basketful of sweetness to take home with you to-night!’ Then




and  and  skipped again for joy, and ran to fetch the big  to put the 






in. This is the big wheelbarrow,” said Cousin Kate, snipping and clipping with her clever . “Away they all went to the lawn, and worked like 

in a field of . They raked up the  with their little , and Peter wheeled them away in the big .

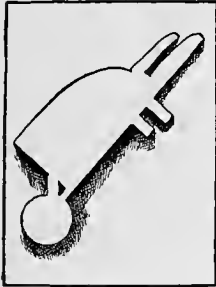
Then they went out in the barn with , and there were the three baskets waiting to be filled with sweetness. ‘Lenny first!’ said Grandma

Goodheart, and, lo, into the great big  she put, sweet red  for ! ‘Benny next!’ said

and, lo, into the middle-sized  she put sweet brown ginger  for .

‘Jenny last!’ said Grandma, and, lo, into the little  she put three soft cunning cuddly sweet white  for ! ‘What did I tell you!’ said the great big  to the happy little .

‘Yours is the sweetest sweetness of all!’”



The Children's Budget Box.

Winter.

Merry, merry little children
Come and have a romp and play
With the pretty little snow-flakes
Which come falling down today.

Sparkling, shining as they come
Slow and steady, soft and white,
They never make a bit of noise
But cover the ground in a night.

—Mildred Boyer.

Age 11.

Springville, Utah.



By Hettie Parsons,

Age 14.

Mammoth, Utah.

Herbert's Lesson.

"Mamma, may I go fishing with some of the boys this morning?" asked little Herbert, as he came into the kitchen where his mother was at work.

"No, Herbert," answered his mother, "mamma needs you. Run now and take the cows to the pasture."

Herbert snatched up his cap with an angry look and went out of the kitchen.

Herbert did not drive the cows with his usual whistle and cheery smile, but with a kick instead.

Herbert was jerking angrily along when he heard a boy's voice call out, "Hello there, Herbert! All out of sorts this morning? Come and fish and cheer up."

Herbert did not think it would hurt to fish just one half hour, so he was soon deeply interested in fishing.

Herbert did not know how long he sat there, but he could tell by the sun that it was near noon and that he had been there nearly three hours, so he started to pull in his lines when by some accident or another, he slipped and fell into the water.

Herbert was a good swimmer, but, taken suddenly with the cramp, he was helpless.

When his companion saw what had happened he ran for aid and soon returned with a young farmer.

The farmer reached the bank just as Herbert was sinking for the second time.

He sprang into the water and soon had Herbert safe once more.

Herbert was sick with a severe cold for a week, but his mother was not sorry for what had happened, for she said it was a good lesson for Herbert.

Herbert thanked the Lord for his quick rescue and for the good lesson he had learned.

Hettie Parsons,

Age 14.

Mammoth, Utah.

Sunshine.

It only takes the sunshine
To make the sky look clear;
It only takes a little cloud
To make the sky look drear;
It only takes the sunshine
Everyone to cheer.

It only takes a little light
To chase the dark away;
It only takes a shadow
To make the world seem gray;
It only takes the sunshine.
To make the world look gay.

It only takes a little song
To make the sunshine stay;
It only takes a little sigh
To frighten it away;
It only takes the sunshine.
To make the children play.

Age 14.

Neta Brown,

Cedarview, Utah.

Hero.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Willie. He had a large black dog that loved him very much. This dog's name was Hero. He always followed Willie wherever he went because Willie was the one that fed and played with him. Willie was soon old enough to start school, so he asked his father what he

might do with Hero while he went to school. His father advised him to build a little dog house. Now this kept Willie working until school began. Each morning Willie gave Hero his breakfast, locked him in the dog house and then went to school.

Once when Willie was on his way home from school it was snowing very fast and the wind blew the snow around, so it was very cold. Willie was quite small and the wind was blowing so hard that it blew him in the ditch at the side of the road. The ditch was quite deep and almost full of snow. Willie sank down in the snow and couldn't get out. He cried for help, but no one came. His folks at home were worried about him and wondered why he didn't come home, so they turned Hero out of his house and sent him to bring Willie home. Hero ran as fast as he could a smelling along the way and wondering if Willie could have been buried in some snow-drift. Now he began to smell someone. He also heard a faint cry. He came nearer and nearer until at last he found Willie

almost covered up with snow. He scraped the snow away with his feet so Willie could get out. Hero and Willie walked home together. When they reached home Willie told his parents what had happened. Everyone who heard about it, loved Hero, and Willie never forgot how Hero had saved him.

Ivy C. Nielson,
Age, 13 years. Hunter, Utah.



By Roland Peterson
Age 15. Bear River, Utah.

The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page.

SOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER

PUZZLE

Squared Words.

(1)	(2)	(3)
H A R P	G L E N	M I L E
A L O E	L A M E	I D O L
R O P E	E M M A	L O A M
P E E R	N E A R	E L M S

Winners:

Sidney Pehrson, Vernon, Utah.
Alvin Larsen, Col. Diaz, Chihuahua, Mex.
Rulon Bennion, Vernon, Utah.
Elizabeth E. Dille, American Falls, Ida.

PRIZES FOR ORIGINAL PUZZLES.

For the best original puzzles of any kind, provided they can be reproduced in the Juvenile Instructor, we will give prizes of valuable books. Copy may be sent in at any time.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters:
My 9, 5, 10, 4, 11, 3, 4 is the name of a city in Italy;
My 11, 10, 11, 9, 4, 5, is a near relative;
My 8, 7, 5, 10, 11 is the name of a settlement in Idaho;
My 6, 2, 3, 9, 4, 5 is common in Yorkshire;
My 11, 9, 4, 7, 12, is a success in locomotion;
My 1, 7, 9, 4, 5 is a useful article;
My 12, 2, 11, 9, 4, 5 is whom we serve;
My whole is a divine principle familiar to all Latter-day Saints.

For the ten best arranged correct answers to the above enigma we will award book prizes.

Rules.

All answers must be in by December 1st.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

The Maiden's Bonnet.

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea,
To merely spread over the sidewalk
Is not enough for me.
—Chicago Journal.

The Smile Reminiscent.

"I see you are smiling at my jokes,"
said the waiting contributor, hopefully.
"Yes," replied the editor, "that cour-
tesy is due when one meets old friends."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Lost His Faith in God.

A small boy, new to the Sunday School,
was greatly pleased with his picture card
and its text, "Have faith in God." On
the homeward way, however, the precious
possession slipped from his fingers and
fluttered from the open street cars and
immediately a cry of distress arose. "Oh,
I've lost my 'Faith in God!' Stop the car!
Please stop the car!"

The Best of the Bargain.

A conscientious Sunday School teacher
had been endeavoring to impress upon
her pupils the ultimate triumph of good-
ness over beauty. At the close of a story
in which she flattered herself that this
point had been well established, she
turned confidently to a 10-year-old pupil
and inquired: "And now, Alice, which
would you rather be, beautiful or good?"
"Well," replied Alice after a moment's
reflection, "I think I'd rather be beau-
tiful—and repent."—Lippincott's.

Essay on Ducks.

A schoolboy assigned to prepare an es-
say on ducks, submitted the following:
"The duck is a low, heavy-set bird,
composed mostly of meat and feather.
He is a mighty poor singer, having a
hoarse voice, caused by getting so many
frogs in his neck. He likes the water and
carries a toy balloon in his stomach to
keep from sinking. The duck has only
two legs, and they are set so far back on
his running gears by nature that they
come pretty near missing his body. Some
ducks when they get big have curls on
their tails and are called drakes. Drakes
don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf
and go swimming and eat everything in
sight. If I was to be a duck I would
rather be a drake."

Puzzling.

Low—"I went to the phrenologist's last
week."
Sue—"Oh! what did he tell you?"
Low—"Well, I can't understand. He
coughed a little and then gave me back
my money."—Chicago News.

The Dolphin.

The teacher was describing the dolphin
and its habits.
"And, children," she said impressively,
"a single dolphin will have two thousand
offspring."
"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the
back row. "And how about the married
ones?"—Everybody's.

The First Garden.

"And how are the tomatoes coming
on?" asked Mr. Younghusband of his lit-
tle wife.
"Well, dear," began the lady, nervous-
ly, "I'm rather afraid we shall have to
buy them, after all."
Mr. Younghusband frowned.
"But, my dear Maria," he expostulated,
"I distinctly understood from you a cou-
ple of months or so ago that you had
planted a whole row!"
"That's quite right, dear," explained
Maria, "but I've just remembered that I
forgot to open the tins!"

If I Should Die Tonight.

If I should die tonight
And should you come to my cold corpse
and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless
clay—
If I should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief
and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I
owe"—
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"
If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse
and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you
feel—
I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me, and there
and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten
I might arise the while;
But I'd drop dead again.



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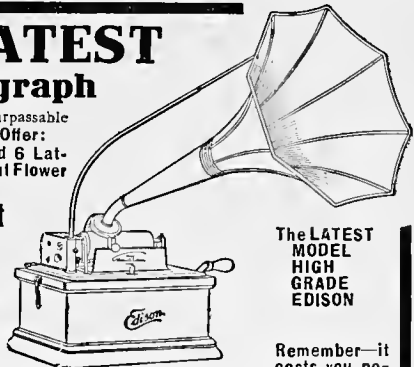
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"How to Teach English Classics," by Charles Swain Thomas, contains "suggestions for study, questions, comments, and composition assignments on the books for careful study on the list of college entrance requirements." The author is head of the department of English in the Newton (Mass.) High School, and has given something here which should prove invaluable to all teachers of English. Those who are responsible for the outlining of courses in English would do well to consult this latest addition to the Riverside Literature Series. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Bound in paper, price 15c.

"Little Mr. Thimblefinger Stories," by Joel Chandler Harris, author of "Uncle Remus" etc., is a new addition to the popular Riverside Literature Series published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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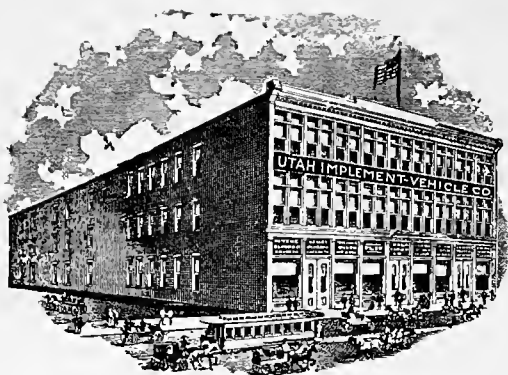


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